

## chocolate? by r\_eddie

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** First Kisses, IT is the demogorgon, M/M, Protective Richie, Reddie, SOFT RICHIE, Stenbrough, Stranger things but in the IT world, all of the losers excluding eddie are friends already, benverly - Freeform, beverly lives with her aunt, eddie as eleven, eddie has superpowers, eddie's mom is 'papa' from st, georgie has been missing for nearly a year now, hand holding, richie as mike, some roles are swapped, the neibolt house is the upside down

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

The Losers were biking their way to the Quarry when a curly-brown haired boy, with only an oversized shirt on, caught their attention.

# 1. Butter Cups

## Author's Note:

I honestly don't know where I'm going with this, but I'll try updating once or twice every two weeks. And if you read the Additional Tags, you'll see a quarter part of the plot that I'm writing about. You'll understand it better, too. Anyway, enjoy!

Tiny rocks, dirt and filth were being pressed down Eddie's bare feet. He didn't know where he was going anymore, but all he knows is that he needs to get away and hide from her.

His legs were giving up on him, so he took a seat on the edge of a cliff and looked down at the body of water about a hundred feet underneath him. He suddenly realised that he was dirty. She didn't like dirty.

He started scratching his arms, not because it was itchy, but because he hated himself for not being normal. For not having a normal life where he could live in peacefully.

The sun was burning brightly as he lifted his foot up, examined it, concentrated and began levitating the stones that was stuck on it with his mind. Eddie never understood why and how he had this extraordinary power. But he was thankful that it helped him escape from his own mother.

Still overly fascinated of the small stones that floated right in front of him, it didn't last long as they fall off the cliff because he heard metal rattling, grass and pebbles being crunched, feet paddling and loud bickering.

"-ev's place because she said her aunt's -" a stern voice had said, but the sound of bells ringing continuously stopped him annoyingly, "Richie, shut the hell up, or I'll push you down with that bike, even though it's Bill's."

A chuckle escaped, "Exclude that last part and that may have had

been what your mom -”

Eddie was now seen standing up with only an oversized shirt on as their talking abruptly stopped. There were two tall boys who had curly hair and a straight hair, a cute chubby boy who has his headphones around his neck, and a boy with ridiculously huge glasses on.

“Hey, are you okay?” the guy with headphones on asked. They were all staring at him, and it made him uncomfortable, so he began scratching his arms again.

“Are you l-l-lost?” the scrawny guy stuttered.

The boy lays his bike down and the others followed. He takes a step forward, Eddie takes a step back. He could feel the boy with glasses tilt his head, as if trying to understand him. Eddie looks down, sees an army of ants crawling near his feet, and so he tried to avoid them by tiptoeing backwards. On the last few steps, his foot felt nothing but air, whooshing carelessly beneath him.

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Eddie was still confused of how this happened, and he has no idea what to do about it. He was sitting on a chair in Will's - no, *Bill's* - house, staring at the scene in front of him. Their chatter was loud but never clear.

The four teens took quick looks at him here and there, arguing and talking in between each glance. He still didn't understand why he was there, they just asked questions and, *poof* - he's being pulled into Bill's house.

“Bev! Oh, thank fuck, you're here.” The guy with glasses, *Richie* , said.

A girl with fiery red hair was leaning on the doorway with her arms crossed across her chest. “Is he the ‘emergency’ you guys are talking about?” she nods at Eddie.

“Oh, yes. Uh, we found him at The Quarry when we were supposed to - you know,” The chubby boy, Ben, shrugs, before continuing.

“And, er, well, we took him...in?” Bev opened her mouth to speak , but Ben cut her off. “He was lost! I mean, at least, we assume so.” he fidgets with his shirt, finally takes his eyes off Bev and looks at Eddie.

Bev stops to think. Everyone else stops to look and wait for her to respond. She breaks into a smile. “Why are you only wearing a shirt?” she asks Eddie, walking towards him.

Eddie glances at Richie, who looked relieved when Bev asked about his clothes then looks at Eddie, who turns away as soon as he did.

*It's a long story*, he wanted to say. But words weren't as easy to speak anymore. So, he just stared at her.

She eyes him strangely, as if empathising with him mentally. “You guys...could you maybe grab some clothes that can possibly fit him?” Bev looks at the others, then Bill. “Bill?”

Bill says, “Let's g-g-go.” he nods at his friends, telling them silently to follow him out, which they did.

“Richie, stay with us.” Bev demanded to the lanky boy, who was on his way out.

Richie raises an eyebrow, but doesn't protest as he walks back in and stands next to Bill's bed. “My name's Beverly, by the way. What's yours?” Beverly asks.

Eddie's eyes kept switching back and forth from Beverly to Richie, hesitant to telling his name to them. *Can they be trusted?* He pushed this thought away, remembering the moment where Richie pulls him before he even fell off the cliff.

He swallowed the lump in his throat, and breathed out. “Eddie.” he whispered loud enough for them to hear, hoping he wouldn't have to repeat himself.

“Okay, *Eddie*. ” Beverly beamed at him, showing her teeth. “Are you hungry?”

She didn't let Eddie answer as she tells Richie to spill all the contents in his bag on the bed. Richie responded to her, something about a

‘condom’, and Eddie didn’t understand it. Richie picks up a square-shaped gum and tosses it to Beverly, who catches it swiftly, then one candy packet to himself and picked something orange up. He looks at Eddie, and offers it to him.

“Chocolate?” he asks, his hand out for Eddie.

Eddie stares at him, recognising how big Richie’s eyes are up-close because of the glasses magnifying them for some reason. And he thinks it’s odd, but he also thinks they were beautiful.

He couldn’t help himself but take the food and observe it, his hand brushing against the other boy’s on the process.

### ***Reese’s | 2 Peanut Butter Cups***

Eddie tears it open and it revealed biscuits that were covered in chocolate. It was a bit melted, but Eddie didn’t care. He was hungry, and nothing would stop him from eating it.

The door opened and showed the rest of the boys. Each of them carried something. “- just hope he likes it here.”

Eddie takes a bite out of the chocolate cup, savoring each taste. And he thinks, *I love it.*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Hope ya'll enjoyed! Stay tuned for the next one.

## 2. Apples

### Notes for the Chapter:

Oh my gosh, you guys. Thank you for all the kudos and reads on the previous chapter! For that, I'm updating earlier than I'm supposed to. And probably more often if ya'll keep this up. Also, as the story proceeds, you all will be understanding more of Eddie's situation and the plot that I have created. And more Reddie moments will be written and very exciting actions will be added in the next few chapters.

It had been a few weeks since the incident happened. Richie visited Bill's house more often now because of Eddie. And he brings anything chocolate-related there because of him. Mostly Reese's, since he soon learned that Eddie liked Reese's.

"Big Bill!" Richie throws an arm around Bill, greeting him with a lazy grin. "How're ya?"

Bill walks unsteadily, so he takes the arm off his shoulder. "If you're g-g-going to ask ab-b-bout Eddie, he's fine. S-s-so s-stop bothering me."

They were still at school and the bell rang a few minutes ago, indicating that it was their lunch break. "You break my heart, Billy." Richie exaggeratedly places a hand over his chest.

The others reunites with the both of them as they walk to their usual eating spot. They all take a seat and began eating their lunch.

"Since we've all been planning on meeting Mike at the Quarry later, what do you guys suggest we do after?" Beverly asks, taking a bite out of her sandwich.

"I don't know." Stan shrugs. "It's been a long time since we've seen him, we should just hang-out, catch up with him and do shit."

They all talked about what they were going to eat, what they were going to do, and how they'll do it. Richie understood all of this, but he was also sort of distracted. He was secretly worried about this short brown-haired boy that was sleeping under the table of Bill's room, all alone in his friend's house, probably bored out of his mind and just wandering around the room.

So Richie decided that he'll visit Eddie and accompany him with whatever he was doing. *Maybe not later, but soon*, Richie thinks.

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Eddie wipes Bill's table again, not having anything to do anymore. He wanted to go outside, but he understood that he wasn't supposed to be caught. He *shouldn't* be caught. He just didn't want to go back to her. To his mother.

After the fifth time wiping, Eddie stares at the two untouched pieces of toast that was laid in front of him. He was hungry, but he didn't want to eat it. He still had this trust issue with people who provides him food because he remembers that his mother's workers, also known as the bad people, used to put something in it to make him fall asleep. Then he wakes up with something on his head that gives information to them. He didn't understand what they were, or what they did, but it scared him.

The last guy who tried to help him ended up dead. He provided Eddie food and clothes for a few hours, but it didn't last because his mother had tracked him down and found him. The only choice he had was to run away and hide.

Eddie jumps at the sound of the window being tapped rapidly. He immediately hides under the table and tucked his knees in his arms, making no sounds. He thought that this would help the thing go away, and it did.

But it came back as soon as it stopped, then was followed by muffled calling of names. "Eds! Eddie Spaghetti!" *Tap, tap, tap.* "Open up, it's

me.” a familiar voice caught him off guard.

Eddie wasn't expecting a visitor so soon as the clock was only pointed at nine. Bill taught him how to read time, and he's gotten on it pretty well. But they were still meant to be at school.

“Richie,” Eddie scrambles out of the sleeping bag, leaving a mess behind as he tries to walk over to the window. He knows it was Richie because he was the only one who calls him ‘Eds’.

He pushes open the window and pulls the boy in. Richie drops his backpack on the floor and fixes his crooked glasses.

Both boys just stare at each other, Eddie frowning with his eyebrows furrowed, and Richie with a relaxed and happy look on his face.

“Oh, yeah! I forgot,” Richie exclaimed suddenly, making Eddie blink out of his reverie. “I brought you...” He shuffles his hand through the pocket of his cargo shorts and reveals a bar of Snickers and a packet of Reese's. “...these.”

When Eddie sees the chocolates on the boy's hand, his expression immediately softens and was replaced with a grateful smile. He doesn't know why he trusts Richie the most in their friend group. But he does and somehow, it was comforting because he didn't trust a lot of people back then. Eddie just hopes that Richie won't break this trust.

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“You *do* eat apples, right?” Richie asked.

After talking about anything and everything inside Bill's bedroom and after Richie realizing that Eddie had never gone out of Bill's room before, except when he goes to the bathroom, Richie decided to take him out for a ‘house tour’.

Eddie, of course, agreed as nobody but them both was in the house. And because he wanted to see the rest of the house.

Richie pointed and showed him the rooms on the second floor. When they walked downstairs, Richie thought that Eddie was hungry



because he noticed that the toasts Bill had prepared for him wasn't touched, and he only ate the chocolates that Richie gave him. So there they were, standing in the kitchen with Richie holding out an apple for Eddie.

Eddie chuckles, slightly shaking his head. "Yes, Richie." It was, in some way, getting easier for Eddie to talk more.

He takes the apple out of Richie's grasp and began washing it with water from the faucet on the sink. He takes a bite, and walks into the living room. Richie follows him out.

Picture frames, vases and all sorts of furnitures were neatly placed around the spacious room. Eddie looks at the frames of the Denbrough family. There was Bill, his parents and a little boy.

"That's Bill's brother, Georgie." Richie states when Eddie's eyes lingered on the young boy. He was thankful that Richie talks a lot, and so he didn't need to talk much as he preferred to listen.

Eddie's eyebrows furrowed, biting the apple again. He looks at Richie to make him explain further with just gestures. Fortunately, Richie seemed to get the hang of it.

"He died nearly a year ago." It sounded like a sensitive subject because Richie stopped at that without elaborating more and he had a frown on his face.

Eddie nodded sadly, not wanting to pry and now aware that it wasn't his story to tell. So he walked over to the television and stared at it, remembering a few unwanted memories.

"Ah, shit."

Alarmed, Eddie turned around and watches Richie panic. "It's almost three. I have to go."

Richie runs upstairs and Eddie stayed to look at the big clock on the wall just above the television. The small hand was pointed at the middle of number two and three, and the big hand was pointed at the number ten. He takes another bite.

He was getting better at reading the time, thanks to Ben's teaching skills and Mike's, who he had just met with the others a few days ago at The Quarry.

Thuds from the stairs were loud and frantic. Richie had his backpack with him, and his shoelaces untied. "Eds, go back to the room before Bill sees you here. And throw the apple out."

Eddie speed-walks to the trash can and tosses the finished apple in, then follows Richie upstairs. They fix the some messes they made and Richie leaves in hurry. He used the window to get out and waves Eddie goodbye from down the lawn with his bike. He waves back, but forgot to do one thing.

Eddie didn't get the chance to ask him why he was with him when he was supposed to be at school.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Comment feedbacks? I need to know if I made a mistake, or anything, really. :) Stay tuned for the upcoming chapters!

### 3. Hands, Part 1

#### Summary for the Chapter:

(Just a note for those of you guys who don't know where Eddie sleeps) Eddie sleeps in a sleeping bag under Bill's table in Bill's room. So, basically, they share the same room.

#### Notes for the Chapter:

I seriously don't know how to thank you all again for motivating me to write another chapter so EARLY. (I will probably make these thank-you-notes every time I make a new chapter) These votes, reads and comments ya'll are giving me is making me giddy to write more and more each day. So, thank you again and enjoy! :))))

Richie rolled on his bed again, facing the ceiling, for the millionth time. He couldn't sleep, he's too busy thinking and making impossible fantasies inside his head. And he's got two new bruises forming on his face, a big one on his arm, and one on his right hip.

*"Where have you been?"*

*Richie had only stepped into his house the second the door clicked close. He didn't think his father was waiting for him on the couch awake with the television turned off, and a bottle in his hand.*

He sighed, rubbing his face (flinching as he did so) and closed his eyes, attempting to sleep without thinking about it. *Think about...something else.* He frustratingly tells himself.

*"Don't you fucking - I know you weren't at school." He points at Richie, "You -" His father inhaled dangerously, pinching the bridge of his nose. "You're causing more troubles in this family!" He shouted.*

Richie grabs his pillow and buries his head in. Anger was flowing inside him.

*A firm hand presses tighter on Richie's arm, nails digging deeper and more painful. "You're a fucking problem that your mother and I can't get rid of. A goddamn disease." He spat harshly.*

*His father points his finger on Richie's chest threateningly. "If you ever do anything like this again, you know what will happen." He finally lets go, dropping his son on the floor.*

Richie pulls the pillow out of his head and sat up on the bed, scratching his head. His memory still raw and piercing through his mind.

He knew about the consequences of skipping classes, the teacher calling the parents, and children becoming in trouble. But he thinks that Eddie was worth the risk, though he still can't decipher why this unknown feeling for his new friend grew each time they see each other. He kinda likes it, and it frightens him a little to know that he does.

He knows that Eddie was about the same age as him and The Losers. He knows that he didn't like talking about his mother, that he didn't want help from the adults and more random things that Richie noticed about him. Eddie also loved chocolates, which was what he first discovered when he met him.

Richie liked the way Eddie smiled because he rarely do, and Richie feels like the happiest person in the world when he makes him laugh. He liked how he was closer to Richie than the rest of the group (Yes, he noticed this.) and how listens to every word he says, even though it was irrelevant and unnecessary. He just liked everything about this boy who furrows his eyebrows adorably when he gets confused.

After thinking about all this and realizing that this was the only distraction he could think of at the moment, Richie decides to put his glasses on and get out of bed.

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Eddie rolled again, facing the back of the table on top of him. He couldn't sleep. It wasn't because the sleeping bag was uncomfortable, it was because he couldn't sleep. Something was disturbing him, and he can't make out what it was.

The wind was strong and cold, hovering over the table and hustling through Eddie. He expresses a shiver, closes his eyes as he lowers himself further down the sleeping bag. Then he hears it. A very faint thud, almost inaudible, but Eddie still heard it.

His eyes open. He didn't move. That was until a not-very-subtle footsteps and grunts went inside the room. Eddie held his breath and stared at the blanket that covered half the table, which also covers his whole body.

The shuffling from Bill's bed made the footsteps halt just right beside Eddie, the blanket was the only thing that was interfering between them.

And...it was silent again. Eddie's heart thumped against his chest while he concentrated on preparing to attack the person who trespassed in the house.

As the cover lifts, Eddie sits up, yanks it off and lets go of it when he saw Richie's face behind it. Eddie released a sigh of relief, drops his head back down on the pillow with a huff.

"Jesus, Eds. What the hell?" Richie whisper-shouted.

Eddie feels Richie enter under the table with him, so he raised his head and looked at him, confused. "What are you doing, Richie?"

"I'm going to stay and accompany you, since you're still...suspiciously awake." Then Richie suddenly grinned. "Oh, Eds. You're too cute for your own good." Richie pinches his cheek.

He slaps his hand away, " *What?* "

Richie laughs. "You were thinking about me! It's obvious, you're awake, I'm awake. We're both awake. You think too hard of me that we both can't sleep!" He jokes.

*How does that work?* Eddie asks himself, still very confused. “Doesn’t that mean that you were thinking about me, too, because you came here?” he asks.

Richie looks lost for a second, staying silent for the first time. His eyes widen in realization. “Wait -”

“Eddie?”

Eddie clamps a hand over Richie’s mouth. It was Bill.

He glares at Richie, “Yes?” he replied back.

“Wh-why aren’t you as-s-s-sleep? Is s-s-someone there with you?” Bill asks, yawning.

“No.”

A pause. “R-r-really?”

Another pause. “...Yes.”

Bill mumbled something and falls back to sleep.

Eddie stares at Richie, who stares at him back. He noticed how sad his eyes looked, and how tired they were. But Eddie knows that Richie came here because he didn’t want to sleep but rather talk about something. *Anything.*

*A distraction.*

He suddenly remembers how his mother taught him how to see through people’s façades. To know what they want and to understand what it meant. At this time, it actually seemed useful. His mother taught him a lot of things, but she never taught him how to control his feelings, or to know what he really feels. She was too busy and distracted by other things, such as; keeping him safe and to have him by her side at all times until she figures out *what was wrong with him.*

“Rich, let’s get out of here.” Eddie whispered, clutching Richie’s hand.

Richie didn't protest, just nodded and squeezed Eddie's hand back, before they head out of the house and to somewhere they could just forget things for awhile.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Part 1 finished, woo! I didn't think I would finish these chapters in only a few days!

## 4. Hands, Part 2

### Summary for the Chapter:

Richie finds something out about Eddie. Something new and bizarre.

### Notes for the Chapter:

You guys, your comments about this fanfic are very sweet, they make me so happy! All of them just makes me want to write every plot down and publish them all at once! Ya'll always make my day somehow better, so thank you again. :)))) By the way, all those hits/reads the book received the day I posted the previous chapter was so overwhelming, I almost fainted.

The cool breeze whirled around the two boys. They had just arrived at The Quarry to stargaze and distract themselves from the horrifying reality.

Eddie climbs out of Richie's bike, wiping the non-existent dust off his pajamas as he waited casually for Richie to get off. They began walking to the end of the cliff, both of them taking seats next to each other quietly.

This reminded Eddie the day him and The Losers first met. Just sitting peacefully on the ground, watching everything move slowly. Though, this time, it felt different because Richie was with him.

"How's it living with Bill?" Richie asks, fiddling with the collar of his shirt. "...Has he shown you any of his parts, yet?"

Eddie swings his legs. He felt like he wasn't wearing any socks when the air hits his feet. "Uh," It was an odd question. He turns to Richie when he hears him let out a short chuckle. *It's a joke.* So he laughs slightly, understanding a little of what he meant. "No, it's... I don't know, it's fine."



*Silence.* It was unusual when Richie doesn't speak a lot, which also means that something happened. "How's your school? Anything strange happening recently?" Eddie asks, changing the subject.

"Well, school's about to end, thank God for that. And, some weird shit always happen, I'm still try'na get used to it." he replies.

A few seconds later, Richie lies down on the ground, putting his arm under his head and looked at the sky.

There was a comfortable silence that passed by between the two, but it was again soon broken by Richie. "Where are your parents, Eds? How haven't you mentioned anything about them?"

"They aren't anything special that I should be praising." Eddie said.

He pulls the hoodie over his head, then lies beside Richie. They both stared at the stars above them, connecting some to create unidentified and imaginary constellations with their minds. Eddie created an unnamed eight-sided shape.

"What does your father do?" he asks Eddie.

Eddie shrugs lamely. He lately seemed to not know a lot of things. "I never knew him, nor saw him. He's probably dead, I don't know. Mom doesn't talk about him much."

"So, your mom, huh? Was she hurting you?" he said. "Is that why you ran away?" Eddie told The Losers why he was wandering alone at The Quarry, but he never explained further. "Is that why you didn't want us to call for help?" He remembers he stopped Stan when he was about to call for help. Richie shakes his head, "Sorry, no, that doesn't make sense -"

Eddie looks at him, "Rich -"

"Is she like, a cop, or something -"

"Richie!" The boy stops talking. "No, she's not a cop." He sighs, sitting up. He starts scratching his arms. "She's..."

*Six-year-old-Eddie looks at his mother. "What about you, Ma? What do*

you do?"

*"I'm a doctor, dear." She smiles, " Your doctor. I can **fix** you."*

"...a doctor." Eddie turns away, "At least, that's what I thought she was."

"And you're right, it doesn't make sense." Eddie says as he turns to look at Richie. "I have to tell you something." Eddie says, suddenly worrying Richie, who was silently pleading him to continue.

Eddie didn't know where to start. He had never told anyone about his *abnormality* before, because he never had friends. So, Eddie was scared. Scared of what a friend's reaction would be because he was afraid he'd lose that friend.

But he had to do this, he had to explain everything. He trusts that Richie would accept it and move on. "Okay," Eddie reassured himself.

"I can do things." he says.

*"How long until this will end?" Eddie wonders, swinging his legs by the tall stool he was on. He had these weird sticky round things on his forehead.*

*His mother types something on the keyboard. "Just until you're...normal."*

"I'm not *normal*, Rich." he states.

Richie furrows his eyebrows. "What?" Richie sits up, facing Eddie fully. "What do you mean you're 'not normal'? You're fucking perfect, who in their right mind would say that?"

Eddie ignores the last sentence. "No! You don't understand." He frustratingly rubs his face. " *I can do things*. Things that other people can't."

*Eddie follows his mother's partner at work, excited that he could finally go to The Outside for the first time. But he was stopped by a hand on his shoulder. Eddie turns around.*

*"You can't go, Eddie-bear. You're still **sick** . And The Outside is dirty.*

*You don't want to get dirty, now, would you?."*

"I'm sick , okay? I'm a disease that can't be cured." Eddie says, tears welling up in his eyes.

All these things that Eddie said made Richie the most worried person in the world. Eddie could see that he still didn't understand because he hasn't said it, yet.

Richie pulls Eddie closer, hugging him sideways. "Hey, I need you to show me what you can do. Help me to understand and maybe, I can help you."

Eddie looks up at Richie. "I'm scared I'm going to hurt you."

"I don't give one shit about myself, so show me. I need to know what's bothering you." Richie says.

Eddie pulls away, "I-I can't, I -"

"I trust you, alright? I trust you not to hurt me." Richie added.

After a few moments, the shorter boy finally stood up, puffing out a shaky breath. Then he nods.

Eddie takes a deep breath, concentrated on the fact that he could finally share his secret to someone. To a friend.

He steals one more look at Richie, before focusing on a huge rock behind them. He felt his hands getting sweaty, his mind slightly reeling and his blood pumping in excitement and anxiety. In the corner of his eye, he sees Richie look at the rock he's staring at.

*It's going to be okay. Everything's going to be fi -*

"What the fuck?"

The floating rock dropped to the ground as soon as it started to float. Eddie stares wide-eyed at Richie. He was waiting for Richie to say that he was right all along. That he really was sick and abnormal. And for him to run away and never come back.

But it never came.

Instead, Eddie received the same remark. “What the fuck?” Eddie looks at Richie. “You can do that? Holy shit, you can make things move with your mind!”

Richie was grinning from ear to ear. “And you’re bleeding. Why is your nose bleeding?”

Eddie wipes the blood off with his fingers. “You - you’re not mad? Or scared, or anything?”

“Why the hell would I be mad?” Richie asks. “That thing you just did there? *That* was mad. And scared? More like, thrilled.” Eddie’s face softens as he hears this. He’s grateful of what Richie’s reaction was.

“That was the coolest thing ever! You’ve now, officially, gained the title, ‘The Coolest Person I Know’.” Richie says as Eddie walks back to take a seat next to his friend. Richie pulls Eddie back to him.

“Why were you so worried about me, anyway? You know how I like those supernatural stuff.” he tells him.

“Well, most people would freak out lose their shit.” Eddie replies, leaning on Richie’s shoulder, swinging his legs again.

“ *Well*, I’m not most peop - wait, did you just -” Richie looks down at Eddie, a smile crawling up to his face. “Did Spaghetti Head over here just swear, or did I hear it wrong?”

Eddie rolls his eyes. He realized how lucky he was to have someone to rely his secrets on. To have someone accepting who he was and what he could do.

As the rest of the night continues, they proceeded on asking each other random questions that the other haven’t known, also not minding one bit that it was very late.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

:))

## 5. Feet

### Summary for the Chapter:

The Losers slowly realize that Richie has feelings for Eddie before he even knew he did.

### Notes for the Chapter:

Just a happy chapter because the next ones will / not/ be happy.

“I still can’t believe it,” Stan said.

Today was their last day of the school, and Richie still couldn’t believe it, either.

The Losers and Eddie were at The Quarry, as usual, celebrating the special occasion. They were taking their clothes off, getting ready to have a relaxing swim with their friends.

“Y-y-yeah, me, too.” Bill says, standing next to Stan.

Richie scoffs playfully, “You always agree with anything Stan says. Jesus, you’re almost like a couple already.”

Richie didn’t notice how Bill looks away and how Stan didn’t retort back a comment, looking uneasy and uncomfortable.

“Okay!” Eddie takes the attention of all The Losers. “Who wants to go first?”

“You do!” Beverly exclaims, pushing Eddie down the cliff. Eddie screams.

Richie jogs over to the edge, looking down to check on Eddie. He looks at Beverly, “What the hell, Bev?”

Beverly grins, “Your turn!” she pushes Richie, but Richie caught her arm and pulled her down with him. They both screamed.

The others jumps, too, but after Richie, Eddie and Beverly pulled up from the water. Beverly and Richie shares a good laugh, then Richie hears coughing behind them. He turns around.

It was Eddie. Richie swims over to him, patting him on the back. "You alright?" he asks.

Eddie had his hand covering his mouth as he coughs. "Yeah," *Cough*, "I just swallowed some water when you guys jumped." Eddie continued to cough as Richie pats his back.

"Well, isn't that unfortunate? We've pretty much done every-fucking-thing here," Richie says, "And that includes peeing."

Eddie gagged before coughing again, "Not helping, Richard." Richie chuckles.

"Chicken fight!"

"Hey! Wait for us!" Richie waits for Eddie to stop coughing, then drags the shorter boy with him and swam towards the direction where The Losers are playing.

When they reached there, Richie gets on top of Ben, Beverly gets on top of Mike. They pushed and laughed, and pushed and laughed. Beverly falls off, "I'm the fucking King!" Richie boasts, " *We're* fucking Kings, Ben!" he pats Ben's head.

All of this was confirmed when the both beat every single one of them, aside from Eddie, who didn't want to play.

"Who's next?" Richie asks, looking around.

"Come on, Eddie. Play for us! You might beat him." Some more encouraging words were said, making Eddie to finally give up.

Eddie gets on top of Mike, staring at Richie the whole time. Richie stares back.

Richie thinks he should lose this time.

"I'll take it easy on you, Eds," he says.

“Fuck you, Richie.” Stan says.

“You underestimate him too much,” Mike says.

“Beat his goddamn ass!” shouted Beverly.

“Go, Richie,” Ben cheers.

Richie raised both of his hands, Eddie does the same. They started off easy and slow, not aggressive or fast. But then Richie winked cockily at Eddie. Eddie scoffs hard, shakes his head and smirks. One hard push did it, and Richie falls.

Multiple cheers of victory were thrown in the air, and loud high-fives were heard. Though Ben was miserable, Beverly leans on his shoulder with her elbow. “And that’s what you get for siding up with the Trashmouth.”

While Richie ascends from the water, the first thing he declares was this, “I demand a rematch!”

All of them laughed. *No way’s* and *As if’s* were said. “Eddie didn’t win fair and square, okay? I didn’t use all of my energy to push him off, so I demand a rematch.”

“Why didn’t you ‘use all of your energy’, anyway?” Stan asks, adding quotation marks with his fingers.

“Because...” says Richie.

The laughter died down as they all began to listen to what he was going to say. Eddie breaks the silence.

“All right,” Eddie says, going up to Mike’s shoulders, again. “Let’s get this started.”

Groans and cheers intertwined, “Now, that’s what I’m talking about.” Richie climbs up Ben’s shoulders.

Once again, they start to push each other, though with all Richie’s might this time. And once again, Richie falls.

Just before he falls off, just that one fast second, he catches a glimpse of blood under Eddie's nose.

*He cheated. He fucking cheated.*

Richie swims fast under, and grabs Eddie's sides, making him fall off Mike's shoulders with a squeal.

"Richie!" Eddie giggles. "Stop, please!" He laughs louder each time Richie tickles his sides.

"You deserve this, you dirty, dirty cheater."

---

They had all finished swimming, and they're now sunbathing and talking to each other.

Richie walks up to Eddie, hiding something behind his back. "Hey, Loser."

Eddie looks up at him confusedly, covering his eyes, with a hand, from the sun. He had never called him that, so he understood why he looked confused.

"Yeah, that's right." He sits next to him. "You're one, now, too. You hang out with Losers, you become a Loser. We have rules here, too, Eds."

"That's...nice." he replies.

Richie chuckles, then he pulls out two chocolate packs, "Chocolate?"

Eddie, obviously, picks out the Reese's pack and smiled at Richie.

"Eddie! Come look at this," Ben calls out, beckoning to Eddie.

Richie stays seated, nodding as Eddie mumbles a "Thank you," to him, before walking away.

Beverly notices Richie eating a chocolate bar alone, so she takes a seat on his right. It was silent, at first, then Beverly blurts out



something totally out of blue. "Do you like Eddie?"

Richie chokes on his chocolate, "Where the hell did that -"

"Do you?" she cuts him off.

"What made you think about... *that*?" Richie wipes his mouth, looking weird and confused, but never disgusted.

"I just notice that you seem to not comment anything sexual or stupid when you're talking to him." she raises an eyebrow, her lips forming a mischievous smile.

"...And that suddenly means that I like him?" Richie asks.

Beverly shrugs, "I don't know." She plays with small rocks with her toes, giving Richie a glance before staring at the ground. "Should it?"

This made Richie rethink about everything he thought he believed was true. *Do I like Eddie? The Eddie Spaghetti? We're just friends, right?* He looks at Eddie, who was observing his hands, like Ben had told him to do so. He just nodded at everything that Ben was saying, just like he did when Richie talked to him about anything.

That was one of the things Richie liked about Eddie, but he also liked how Eddie trusts him a lot, even though they'd just met a couple of months ago. And when he told Richie that he was the first person he told about his extraordinary powers to manipulate things with his mind. He felt special and trusted.

Though most of all, he liked how Eddie looked adorable at everything he does. Like when he talks really fast that nobody understood what he said. Or even when he just...look at Richie. It gives him some fuzzy feeling in his stomach every time he catches Eddie staring at him, and the messy blushes afterwards.

*But do I have feelings for him? More than just friends?*

"Maybe."

---

After spending hours of talking, they finally decided to go home. The Losers had their bikes with them while walking to Bill's house. Eddie was walking right beside Beverly.

"Why do you look so happy?" Eddie asks when he had enough of Beverly smiling at him without saying anything.

Also, he was getting much, *much* more comfortable talking with the others as he does to Richie.

She grins, "Is it *that* obvious?" she jokes.

"Did you receive another poem?" he asks.

She hums, smiling again.

Beverly had been receiving poems less than a year ago. Eddie found out when he saw a postcard sitting on her bed. And he might have a few ideas about who the secret admirer was.

She loved every single of them, though. Unfortunately, she hasn't figured out who that person was.

Oh, but Eddie knew. Eddie knew *he* was.

He was happy for her, truly. "What did it say, this time?" Eddie was smiling, now, too.

Beverly smirks. "Tell you later," she says.

They continue to comfortably talk to each other, then Eddie's atmosphere grew tense and he instantly felt uneasy. He felt like someone was watching him.

His head kept turning to look for those eyes that kept staring. And he spots it.

*It.*

It was a clown with messy, curly and unorganized red hair, weird

creepy makeup, funny-looking clothes, and... *yellow* eyes?

Eddie squints his eyes to take a better look. The clown was holding something that he couldn't decipher what, and it was smiling at Eddie.

He didn't like this, so he instinctively walked closer to Richie and held his hand. This was normal for them, holding hands, because if Eddie does this, it meant that he was anxious and scared about something.

"Woah, you okay there, Eds?" Richie stopped talking to Bill when he felt a hand enclosed with his vacant one.

"Where're you losers off to, now, huh?"

They all stopped walking and everyone became silent as all heads turned to the voice of the speaker.

*Henry Bowers.* And his gang.

Richie's hand tightened around Eddie's. "I don't think that's any of your business." he retorted.

"What the fuck did you just say?" Henry said.

The four of them began walking towards The Losers. Eddie has heard of them hurting Richie, and the others. They were bullies. Eddie *hated* bullies.

So he did the first thing that went into his mind.

Eddie concentrated on the bullies' shoes and controlled them. The guy with the cap on, had one of his foot lifted up high, and he staggers then falls on top of Henry, who grunted in pain. The guy who had long black hair, had the same thing happen to him and he fell straight on top of the guy with bleach blond hair.

"Run!" shouted someone.

The Losers climbs on their bikes and began riding away from the gang. Eddie felt liquid running down his nose as Richie pedalled

down the road with him on the back. The adrenaline rushing through Eddie's veins made him not care about the world for a moment.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

OK, over a thousand hits. What in the world???

## 6. Stairs

### Notes for the Chapter:

I'm very sorry that this is really short! I just feel sick at the time, and I wanted to update for ya'll. Hope you enjoy!

Eddie was clicking through the channels of the TV. He was waiting for Bill to come out of the shower because he and The Losers were going to hang out.

Bill's parents were at work, so Eddie had the freedom to get out of Bill's room and roam around the house.

He was sitting on his knees in front of the TV, and while he was looking for a good channel, it went static. Then he remembered he could do things, visit specific people without them noticing. He could visit his mother.

Truthfully, Eddie missed her. Very much, in fact, as it has been months since he had seen her. He had thought of visiting her, just to see how she was going. But he never had the time, or at times, he becomes very reluctant about it.

When his mother and her workers found out about his other power (the ability that can telepathically find out where a person is), they began testing his capabilities in doing other certain stuff that not many people can do. And like they said, Eddie wasn't stable, yet. He still doesn't have full control over it, because there were things stopping him from doing so. That explained why his nose bleeds every time he uses them profusely.

Eddie takes a deep breath in, closing his eyes and focused on his mother. The next second, he was surrounded by darkness.

He stands up, staring at the scene ahead. His mother was sitting on her rocking chair, staring into nothing. Or maybe at something, but Eddie couldn't see what because his gaze is fixed on her.

His fixated gaze was soon broken when he sees a red balloon floating behind her. He studies it for a moment, before walking slowly towards it.

Eddie lifted his hand up, reaching for the balloon when a strangely calming voice called him. "Eddie!" it whispered.

And he was back in the real world. He opens his eyes and find out that the channel changed into a clown commercial. It creeped him out, so he turned the TV off, and ran off to the nearest washroom downstairs.

Eddie splashed water on his face to clean off the remnant blood under his nose. He didn't expect for it to be a very short visit, and it was all because of that balloon. He wonders how and why it was there.

When he finished, he faced the same red balloon, identical to the one in his visit. It was floating unswervingly straight to a direction, as if telling Eddie to follow it.

A short minute of debating, Eddie decided to see where it leads him. The balloon suddenly stopped in front of a door that he had never went and never will he ever plan to go into. It somehow frightens him. There was just something about it that doesn't feel right.

Eddie stared at the closed door, gulping, before twisting the doorknob cautiously. The air was filled with intense heat, but cold at the same time as the cellar was dark and seemed isolated.

He flipped the lights on, but it didn't work, so he leaves the door open. That was the only light that Eddie had, to see why the balloon led him there.

While he walked down the stairs and observed his surroundings, he hears a familiar voice. "Eddie," It was hushed, but he still heard it because it was a voice he knew too well.

Eddie craned his neck to his right, now looking directly at his mother. It baffled him completely. "Mom?" He takes another step down.

"I miss you, Eddie-bear." she says. "Come closer, so I can give you a hug." she beckons.

Another step down. "I..." He feels his feet getting slightly soaked.

His foot was hovering over the last step. He looks down and sees dirty water flooding the room. Then he looks at his mother, the water hiding her knees. *She didn't like dirty*, he remembers. *This is not my mom.*

So he replied hesitantly, "No..."

She tilts her head. "Come here. Don't you want your mother to be happy?" she says. "I just want you to be happy,"

"I *am* happy, Mom. I finally have friends." Eddie says.

"But, Eddie, you'll become happier, if you come with us." she smiles.

Us? "What?" Eddie takes a step back.

"You're not ready, yet."

"You're sick, remember?"

"We still have to fix you,"

His mother's workers materialises at every random spots around the room, saying harsh words that made Eddie's heart hurt.

"You're not normal."

"You're going to hurt people!"

Eddie takes two steps back, "No! I won't!"

"Yes, you will. You'll have to come with us, so you won't."

"Then we'll all float down here together."

Eddie rapidly shakes his head, turning around to go back, but he was stopped by his mother, who appeared in front of him. "We'll be together, again." she whispers.

His feet made a step back, and he turns again. The same clown he saw before, was standing at the same spot where his mother earlier stood.

“Eds!”

Eddie hears a faint call of his name from the outside. *Richie*.

The clown smiled wickedly at him, his hair, face, and clothes were all drenched. “Time for your medication, Eddie.” And it starts chasing him.

Eddie runs back upstairs, almost tripping on the way as he hears the hisses and bellows from the clown. “Richie! In here!”

He felt its breath fade away from his skin when he reached the top stairs, barely managing to escape. Eddie hastily closes the door behind him.

“Eddie,” Eddie jumps when he heard the voice, a small shout escaped.

He turns and finds Richie standing a few feet away from him. He had never been so glad for him to be there. He runs towards Richie, “Oh, thank fuck. I thought you -”

Richie didn’t get to finish his words because Eddie hugged him tighter than he ever did. Richie didn’t do anything but held him until he calmed down.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I just calculated on how many chapters this book will have, and it has 17. :)) (But I'm not entirely sure yet,,,might be 16)



## 7. Posters

### Notes for the Chapter:

The scene in the movie where Beverly's bathroom was bloody, never happened in this book as IT appeared to her in a different way. (I just want to skip the cleaning-the-bathroom scene)

“You look...”

“Fucking adorable with that fanny pack.” Richie finished for Ben.

The Losers were, for the first time, taking Eddie out in public. Eddie only agreed this time, if he wears something that doesn't really show his face. He wonders why he needed to wear a fanny pack, but he decided not to question it.

Eddie was wearing one of Bill's red long-sleeved shirts, which was big on him (so he folded the sleeves up to his elbows), and the smallest pair of shorts that Bill had. Richie also thinks that he looked cute in it. So Eddie didn't complain.

“H-h-here's what I could only f-f-find.” Bill walks over to Eddie, holding what he asked for.

He gratefully takes the cap and sunglasses from Bill, trying them on and showed himself to the others. “Do I look recognizable in these?” he asks.

“No, not at all.” Beverly answers.

“You kind of look like Bill, but a lot smaller.” Stan says.

“Hey! Don't fucking say that,” Richie says.

“What? He does.” He replied, turning his head to face the others. “He does, right, guys?”

The others murmured in agreement, including Bill. Richie shook his head, disappointed, before walking to Eddie and placing an arm over

his shoulder. "Don't you worry, Eds. Sticking with losers like us, nobody would notice a single thing."

---

Eddie looks around the town, seeing all sorts of shops and buildings. He felt free from all his problems just looking at the people, who didn't mind or care about him. There were also people who were in costumes, marching around and playing instruments.

He was walking beside Ben, who was talking to him about random facts that he learnt from the books he read. "It's said that you can meet ghosts without even realizing it." Ben says. "Have you ever had the feeling that someone's watching you -"

"Ben, what kind of fucked-up books have you been reading?" Richie says, appearing behind them.

Richie went to an ice cream shop to get himself an ice cream. He bought two, though. "Hey, Richie." Eddie greets.

Richie hands him the other cone, Eddie takes it. "Eds," he nods, smiling.

Ben walks to the others, not wanting to disrupt the two. "What are you guys talking about?" Ben asks when the group stops at a pole with a bunch of posters.

"What they always talk about," Richie answers, licking his ice cream.

Eddie takes the sunglasses off (he was very uncomfortable wearing them) and placed it in his fanny pack. He rubs his eyes before looking at one of the posters. There was a picture of a guy named *Patrick Hockstetter* . Eddie saw him once on his way to Bill's house with The Losers, and the paper says that he was missing. He can't help but wonder what Patrick's parents feel about it.

Bill lifted the paper up, revealing another Missing Poster of a thirteen-year-old girl named *Betty Ripsom* .

"Do you know her?" Eddie asks Richie as he licks his chocolate ice cream.

He shrugs, "She's one of the kids that went missing months ago. Nobody really knows what happened," Richie said.

One *of the kids*? Eddie thinks. "It's like she's been f-f-forgotten, because he's mis-s-s-sing." Bill said.

"Is it ever gonna end?" asked Stan.

"I think it will, but only for a little while." Ben replies.

"What do you mean?"

"I did my Derry research, and I charted out all the big events; The Iron works explosion in 1908, The Bradley Gang in '35 and The Black Spot in '62. And now, kids being..." Ben says, "I realized that this stuff seems to happen every -"

"Twenty-seven years." Bill finished.

All of them went quiet, looking down at their feet, besides Eddie and Richie, who were busily eating their dessert. "While I was at the library, I saw something." Ben started, "A - a red balloon, and I followed it. Then a headless corpse walked in and chased me."

Eddie looks up when he heard that, "I also saw something." Bill says.

Stan asks, "You saw a headless guy, too?"

Bill shakes his head, "No, not that." He looks at the others, "I saw G-G-G-Georgie." His eyebrows furrowed, clearly confused. "I mean, it s-seemed so real, but there was this - this -"

"Clown."

Everyone looked at Eddie, who spoke the last word. "Yeah, I saw IT, too."

Bill glances at each one of them, to see if they had saw the clown, too. And they all nodded, except Richie.

Eddie tried to forget about that when he had his last encounter with the clown because it terrified him completely, but now that it was

brought up, he couldn't forget anymore.

"Okay, so, let me get this straight. IT comes back from...wherever to take kids, for like, a year? Then what? IT just goes into 27 years of hibernation, or some shit like that?" Richie asked.

The Losers walk over to the benches and took their seats. "Maybe it's like, what do you call it...Cicadas." Stan said. "You know, those bugs that comes out every seventeen years?"

Mike shook his head, "My grandfather thinks this town is cursed. He says that all the bad things that happen in this town is because of one thing."

"But it can't be *one thing* ." Stan turns his head to look at them, "We all saw something different."

"Maybe," Mike said. "Or maybe IT knows what scares us the most and *that's* what we see."

There was a pause. "I - I saw my mom," Eddie says, finishing his ice cream off. "She was telling me to... go back to her." He didn't say the rest. He wasn't ready to tell, yet.

"But you didn't." Stan says, making Eddie to face him. "Because they aren't real." He continues. "None of this is." He makes gestures with his hands to emphasize what he meant. "Not Eddie's mom, or - or Bill seeing Georgie. Or...the woman *I* keep seeing."

"None of this m-m-makes any s-s-s-sense," Bill says.

"They're all like bad dreams." Ben says.

Mike shook his head again, "No, no, no. I know the difference between bad dreams and - and real life, okay?"

"What did you see?" asked Beverly, talking for the first time.

"You guys already know what happened to my parents, right?" Mike asks, they all nod. "Well, I was there with them when the house was burning." He stops for a moment, "Before I was rescued, they were trapped in the room next to mine. They were...pounding on the door,

screaming, and trying to get to me. But it was too hot,

“When the firemen finally found them...the skin on their hands had melted down to the bone.” A few of them turned their heads away, feeling disgusted but sad for their friend.

“We’re all afraid of something,” He finished.

They were quiet, thinking of their deepest fears and trying to forget about them. Eddie realizes that Richie haven’t said anything since they started talking about IT, so he puts his hand over Richie’s. “What are *you* afraid of, Rich?” he whispered, asking delicately.

Eddie could see that he was staring at something from the corner of his eyes. Eddie looks at that direction, and sees kids laughing at something on the stage.

Richie visibly gulped, before looking at him. “Clowns.”

**Notes for the Chapter:**

;))))))

## 8. Sneakers

### Notes for the Chapter:

:)))

Eddie almost slips again, but Mike has been very helpful, grabbing Eddie's shirt, and pulling him back to his feet. The Losers were talking about how dirty the water they were stepping on right now.

"You know, The Barrens aren't that bad." Richie says, kicking a rock out of his way. "Who doesn't love splashing around in shitty water?"

Bill suggested they go to The Barrens to look for his brother. Eddie wanted to help find him using his powers, but he wasn't exactly sure if he can show them, yet.

Stan, Bill and Beverly were a few meters ahead of them, then they stopped, letting Mike, Ben, Eddie and Richie catch up.

"- poison Ivy. And that's poison ivy," Stan points at the trees in front of them. "And *that's* poison ivy."

Ben took a step back, "Where?" he asks, looking around for the dangerous plants.

"Nowhere." Beverly sighs, "Not every goddamn plant is poison ivy, Stan." She says, taking a drag out of her cigarette.

Bill walks in the sewer, followed by Beverly, Ben, then Mike. Richie was about to follow, when Stan curiously held something (with a stick) floating near him, then realizing that it was a pair of dirty underwear and immediately tosses it next to Eddie and Richie, splashing both of their legs with sewer water.

"Ah, what the fuck, dude?" Richie swears.

Eddie gags, disgusted as he holds onto Richie, wriggling his feet to get rid of the filthy liquid dripping down his legs.

"Shit, sorry, Eddie." Stan apologizes when he finally noticed what he

did.

Richie waited for Stan to say an apology to him, too, but it never came. He shook his head, bending down to grab a stick. "Fuck you, Stanley." And he tosses the underwear back to him, which fell on Stan's shoes.

The fight continued, and Eddie backs away from them to avoid more water splashing. Multiple swears and grunts came from both of the boys. Their annoyed groans rang around the place. Eddie hopes nobody hears them.

"Guys!" Bill calls their attention. "S-s-stop f-f-f-fooling around." he retorts.

They finally stopped, fixing themselves and releasing their sticks and let them fall on the ground. Richie walks back beside Eddie and focused his attention to Bill.

Bill held up a shoe, its laces missing. "I found somet-t-t-thing," He arranged his flashlight for him to see if there was something inside.

"Don't tell me that's..." Mike trails.

He shook his head, tilting the shoe. "No, Georgie was w-w-wearing galosh-sh-shes."

"Whose is it, then?" Richie asks when Beverly dropped her cigarette in the water and looked over Bill's shoulder to read what he was reading.

Beverly takes a lollipop from her pocket, removing the plastic off. "T'says... *B. Ripsom.* " She reads aloud, inserting the candy in her mouth.

"Holy shit," Richie says.

*Betty Ripsom*, Eddie remembers from the poster. He felt terrified, thinking about how her shoe ended up in a sewer, so he scoots closer to Richie, "I don't like this," He mumbles, mostly to himself.

They all looked at each other, probably thinking the same thing as

Eddie.

“What if she’s still there?” Stan asked, uncertain.

Bill stared at Stan, processing what he had just said, before going further in the sewer. “Bill, wait.” He sensed that no one was going to follow him, so he stops, then turns around.

He doesn’t take his eyes off the ground, “If - if I were B-b-betty Ripsom, I’d want us to f-f-find me.” He lifts his head to look at the others. “Georgie, too.”

“What if - what if I don’t want to find them?” Stan asked.

*Silence.* The intensity of the situation was overwhelming. “What Stan meant was...we don’t want to end up missing, either.” Mike says.

Ben decides to play with the hem of his shirt. “He has a point...” he whispered, but Bill heard it.

“You, too?” he asked, turning his flashlight off.

“Bill, it’s summer, okay? We’re supposed to be having fun.” Stan says. “But this,” he widened his arms to show what he meant. “This isn’t fun anymore. This is just scary and disgusting.”

Everyone was quiet after, not even looking at one another. Then Eddie thinks, maybe now was the time to help Bill, and to tell his friends what he could do, because it felt like nobody was willing to help anymore. Like, they’d just gave up.

So Eddie walks over to the middle of the group, he could feel Richie’s eyes on him as he did. “Guys,” Eddie calls them all out, “I need to tell you all something.” His fingers fidgeted, having the urge to scratch something.

They looked at him, ready to listen to what he had to say. Eddie gulped, disliking the attention he was getting, but he had to say it as there was no going back, now. “You all are aware of the fact that...I ran away because of my mom, right?” He licks his lips, “Yeah...I never really did explain *why*.”



He couldn't find words to speak, "My mom," He started, nodding to himself, when he realized he'd said it right. "She, uh..." His breath somehow hitches. "She did some..." He couldn't finish his sentence. "It's..." *It's complicated*, he wanted to say.

Eddie's fingers were itching to scratch *anything*, but then he felt a hand slip through his, enclosing and intertwining them together. He felt himself breathe again, feeling a little better to know that he had someone, and that someone was Richie.

"I ran away because I've gotten tired of her being so overprotective over me. I just...didn't want to be *experimented* on any longer." Eddie could feel their eyes asking lots of questions that will soon be answered. It made him feel anxious, but the feeling of Richie's hands on his lingered, giving a small boost of confidence in him. "I ran away because each day, she was getting more obsessive to cure me of what I can do. And because I wanted to experience more of the world that I never really get to explore. 'Cause I knew she'd never let me." He muttered the last part. "They said I was too dangerous to go out," he adds, "That I didn't have full control of my powers, yet, and that I was too young to understand -"

"Woah, woah, hold on a second." Beverly stops him, "What do you mean you have *powers*?"

"He meant -" Richie said. "- he has powers." Eddie rolled his eyes at Richie because he didn't let him explain.

Beverly raises an eyebrow, "And you know about this...how?"

"I told him a couple of weeks ago," Eddie says, letting go of Richie's hand, raising both of his hands to stop them from talking further as he felt an argument occurring between the two. "Okay, let me just explain, please."

They, fortunately, obeyed Eddie, and began listening again. "My mom's...I don't even know what she does, but I'm pretty sure that she's been looking for me, since she shot a man that tried to help me."

"*What?*"

“Sorry, that was a bit too blunt.” Eddie said sheepishly, looking at the ground. “And that was one of the reasons I can’t be seen outside publicly.”

Eddie looks back at them, “Um, anyway. Other than the fact that I can move things with my mind, I can also -”

“*What?*” Stan asked, obviously stunned. ***(Ha, stanned, get it? No? Okay, I’m gonna let myself out.)***

Mike laughs, “Very funny, Eddie.”

“You’re totally kidding,” Ben says, “..right?”

He sighed, shaking his head. Before he spoke again, Richie interrupts. “Sorry to disappoint, but he’s *not*.” He says, emphasising the last word.

“You do know that we need proof for that,” Beverly says.

Eddie smiled, “You don’t believe me, and that’s understandable.” he nods.

He looks around, searching for something that he can use to move with his mind. And he finds a huge rock. The situation reminded Eddie of the time he told Richie about it, though at the same time, it didn’t. “Uh, look at that rock over there,” Eddie pointed, the others followed with their eyes. “You all see it?” They nod.

“I’m gonna remove it from the ground.” He says, “*Not* physically with my hands, or anything. Just - just watch it.” They nod unsurely, a bit of doubt flowing through them.

Eddie, as usual, focuses on it, and started levitating it with his mind. It flew high up in the air for a few seconds, then it dropped back down to the rocky floor. He wipes his nose before the others saw the blood.

He glances at Richie, who had his mouth agape. Eddie got confused, knowing that he already knew about it. “Why do you look so shocked? You’ve already seen it before,”

“Yeah, but it’s still fucking unbelievable to me, alright?” Richie replied, still staring at the rock.

Eddie turns around, finding the others the in the same state as Richie is. “That...is so cool!” Ben firstly breaks the silence.

“That was exactly my reaction!” Richie high-fived Ben.

He smiles again, happy to discover that his friends found it impressive. “Yes, but as I said, I’m very dangerous. I can hurt people.” Eddie says bluntly.

“Why does your mother want to get rid of that kind of power?” Mike asked.

“She said it isn’t normal,” he replied.

Mike nodded, “It’s not normal, but isn’t that a *good* normal?”

“We don’t really know what more of it can do, other than control things, that’s why she tested me and all that type of stuff that scientists do when they’d just discovered something new.” Eddie explained, “Also,” getting serious again, “Since you guys didn’t let me finish what I was going to say,” he sucked in a breath, “I have another power, and no, Richie, I haven’t told you about it.” he stopped the boy with glasses from saying anything.

Eddie turns to Bill, before saying, “This power, can help you, Bill.” he stated. “It can help you find Georgie.”

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Truthfully, I was going to divide this chapter into two parts, but I decided against it just because...:))) (AND: I just searched up what 'stan' meant, and I'm laughing my arse off because of what Google gave as an example of stan in a sentence.)

## 9. Maps, Part 1

### Notes for the Chapter:

Oh gosh, this chapter was supposed to be just one, but I had to make a part two because I needed to post a new one, so here we go! I hope you enjoy, even though it's short.

The Losers were grabbing whatever the things Bill needed them to get. Mike, Bev, and Stan were in charge of covering where the sunlight were flashing through, Eddie and Bill were putting up the map, and Richie and Ben were fixing the projector.

When they finished, they all took their seats on anything that they could sit on. (Mike and Bill stood at the back) Bill positioned the projector to align Derry's Sewers map with the digital Old Derry map that Ben got from the library.

"Okay," Bill pointed at the screen, "Look."

His finger pointed at the Storm Drain, "That's w-w-where Georgie disapp-p-p-peared." he says. "Then there's the Iron W-W-Works," He points, "And the Black Spot." he finishes.

"Everywhere IT happens, it's - it's all connected by the s-suh-sewers." Bill pauses, becoming aware of something. "And - and they all m-m-meet up at the -"

"At the well-house." Ben grasped what he noticed.

"You mean the house on Neibolt Street." Stan says.

Richie pushes his glasses up to the bridge of his nose, " *You mean*, the creepy-ass house where all the junkies and hobos like to sleep?"

"I hate that place." Ben says, looking at the floor.

Eddie glances at Beverly, who rubbed her arms up and down, "I always feel like it's watching me," she says.

They exchanged looks, a moment of silence greeting them, registering that they all felt the same way about the house. Then realization hits Bill, “Th-that’s w-w-w-where IT lives.” Bill announced.

“That would make a lot more sense,” Mike spoke.

Eddie looks at Bill, feeling a pang of sympathy for him. He couldn’t imagine how must’ve felt when he first heard about his brother being missing. Eddie may not know a lot about Bill’s little brother, but he knew that he was missing the way the other children were, too. That’s why he wanted to help him. And they planned it all out they day after Eddie told them about what he could do.

“Eddie,” Bill calls, making Eddie blink out of his reverie. “C-cuh-could you look f-f-for him, now?”

He understood who Bill was talking about, so he nodded and stood from his seat. The others began to move around, arranging the things needed for their manoeuvre. Eddie explained to them how he could find Georgie, and he said that he could find *anyone*, if he knows what they looked like.

Mike placed the small extra TV Bill’s parents had on the box where Beverly previously sat on. Ben helped carry it, and helped with the plugs with Bill. Beverly and Stan removed the maps and the projector out the way, and set them back to where they were before. Richie first helped, but soon gave up, seeing as the others handled it pretty well already.

“Eds,” Richie nudged Eddie on the shoulder, “You sure about this?” Richie asked, putting his hands in his pockets.

Eddie nodded firmly, a determined expression plastered on his face. “Yes.” He says, waiting for the others to finish their preparation. He was getting ready to know where Georgie was.

“Hey, you know,” Richie turned his whole body to face Eddie’s, his face worried. “You don’t have to do this if -”

He shakes his head, taking Richie’s hands, “I *want* to.” He reassured Richie. “You don’t have to worry, okay? I’ll be fine,” He felt tingles in

his stomach knowing that Richie was worried about him, and because he had his hands in his. Eddie had never felt nervous when it came to holding Richie's hands, why did he feel that way now?

Richie looked down at their hands, "Will you be safe?" he asked softly. Eddie had rarely seen Richie with this impression before, but when he did, Eddie feels special because Richie doesn't really share a lot things. *Feelings*. And strangely, he does to him.

Eddie caresses the back of his hand, "I've done this before," Richie shared a look with him, indicating that he hasn't answer his question. Truthfully, Eddie wasn't entirely sure about being safe, but if it made Richie all right, he'll try in his power to be. "Yes, I'll - I'll be safe." *For you*.

"Promise?" he asked.

He furrowed his eyebrows, not understanding what it meant. "Promise?" Eddie asked confusedly.

"It means something that you can't break," Richie says, playing with his thumbs before looking at Eddie in the eyes. " *Ever* ."

Eddie was still confused, but he nodded anyways. "Okay," he agreed, not knowing what to say.

"Promise me, Eds." Richie says, his grip tightening.

"Eddie!" Beverly calls, "We've finished. You all ready?" she asked, closing the garage door.

He nods at Beverly, before going back to Richie. "Promise." Eddie replies.

They let go and walked over to where the others were. It was all prepared now, just waiting for Eddie to start.

The TV was on static already, its sound muted, like how Eddie asked it to be. It was the only light that was radiating through the garage, as the place was dark and gloomy.

Eddie kneels down in front of it, resting his palms straight on his

thighs. Each of The Losers patted him on the shoulder, and he only looked at Richie, whose face remained with a frown. Eddie takes a deep breath before going in.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thank you for reading! :)))

## 10. Maps, Part 2

### Notes for the Chapter:

Again, I'm really sorry that the previous chapter was /very/ short, but here's the Part 2!

It was pitch black, but Eddie felt like everything else was in a spotlight, and he could see everything. He felt cold, scared and alone, it was like he was being suffocated with those feelings. Then he recalled what he was there for, so he ignored those feelings, knowing that The Losers were with him.

“Georgie!” Eddie calls out.

Eddie looked down when sensed something wet under him. *Sewer water*, Eddie thinks. He couldn't smell anything, that's why he was a bit unsure about what type of liquid it was.

His eyes followed where the water came from, though it almost seemed as if it was guiding him towards something, so he followed it. *Carefully*. He was going to be safe for Richie, because he *promised* him.

“G-Georgie?” Eddie's voice quavered this time.

From the reflection of the water, he could see a red balloon floating above him. He looks up, but there was nothing there. Eddie's heart began to beat faster from fear, because he remembered that balloon too well to forget. *Fear* was radiating from it.

Eddie walked faster, and every time he did, many different types of emotions washed over him. It was all too overwhelming.

“Eddie.” something whispered right behind his neck.

He immediately froze as soon as he heard the voice. Because it was familiar and it made him a bit light-headed as he felt a shiver down his spine. The pace of his heart quickened, reaching into its maximum speed when he turned around and saw the clown. IT was grinning down at him, obviously seeing him.



It scared Eddie, knowing that the clown could see him, even though he had no idea how, because he was just visiting, and he wasn't supposed to be seen.

Eddie started to hyperventilate while taking a couple of steps back to get away from IT. Though while he does this, IT takes huge intimidating steps towards Eddie.

"Guys," Eddie cried out. He couldn't breathe.

IT shook his head, waving his index finger at Eddie, before standing up straight, and a frown forming on his face. "Don't you want to stay, Eddie?" IT asked, "Don't you want to stay with *us*?"

Eddie didn't answer, but rather began to simply ran away, not wanting to be there anymore. "Guys!" He yelled, hoping that The Losers hear him.

Then he remembered Georgie, who was missing, and Richie, who he had sworn to be safe. So he reached out to Georgie again, thinking of what he looked like.

"Turn it off! Something's scaring him!" Eddie hears Richie's voice from outside.

Eddie starts to focus harder before he was going to disappear, because he wanted to give Bill new information about his brother. At least one.

Seconds of concentrating, Eddie finds a paper boat on the ground above his feet.

***SS Georgie***, were the words written on the top left of the body.

Just as he was about to pick it up, Eddie instantly felt like he was being pushed away, and then he was being sucked into the real world, but before he was, he caught a glimpse of a dark, torn and tattered house, and he somehow knew it was the house from Neibolt Street.

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Richie pulled Eddie to him when Stan pressed the off button of the TV. Everything was dark, now, and they all stepped away from the TV and went to Eddie.

“Eddie, are you okay?” Beverly asked, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder.

Stan hands Eddie two sheets of tissue, which Eddie takes and uses to wipe the blood off his nose. “Yes,” He nods.

“What did you s-s-s-see?” Bill asked.

Richie grasps Eddie’s vacant hand and just held it for awhile, because when Eddie was still looking for Georgie, he was breathing hard and was gripping Richie’s arm very tightly. Richie knew there was something that scared him, so he made sure Eddie understands that he was there now.

Eddie squeezed his hand, communicating with Richie in simple actions. “I saw...a yellow paper boat with Georgie’s name on it. And - and it was in that house.”

Bill continued to stare at Eddie, clearly thinking about something. Eddie snaps him back to reality, “Bill,” He lets go of Richie’s hand and walked closer to him. “Bill, the clown -”

The TV suddenly was turned on again, making all of them jump in surprise. The channels were randomized and unknown. It kept changing as videos of Bill, Georgie and their parents appeared on every channel.

“Georgie...” Bill mumbled under his breath.

Then it abruptly stops when Georgie’s and his mother’s frames was shown. It was firstly zoomed in on Georgie’s face, then it played again, then it paused and played, then it paused and played. The Losers began to move closer to each other.

While this happened, the camera moved to the mother, and her hair was covering her face because of the wind hitting her. The pauses and plays became faster each second, and the clown’s face was revealed as the hair was slowly removed.

“What the *fuck* is that?” Richie shouted over their screams. Eddie hides his face behind Richie’s arm as the video continued to play and terrify the others.

“Turn it off!”

Mike ran to the TV and hastily turns it off, making them breathe hard. But it didn’t end there as it opens again, though, this time, the clown was gone. Richie shook beside Eddie, gripping each other’s hands tightly and fixed.

Unexpectedly, IT materializes in front of Mike, his sharp teeth seen and being feared. Screams and shouts were heard again. “Mike, run!”

The clown was gigantic and he was on all-fours, crawling to whoever was close. His loud growls produced saliva which were dripping down his chin as The Losers bolted to the exit. IT was reaching for Beverly, who was traumatised and covering her face with her hands. Luckily, Ben and Mike pulled open the garage door on time, and the clown vanished.

Nobody moved for a few seconds. Nobody talked, or breathed. They all just stood there, still in shock of what had happened. Beverly was the first one to leave her spot, walking to Ben and hugging him. Eddie pulls Richie into a hug, too.

“IT saw us,” Stan started. “IT saw us, and he knows where we are.” He says specifically to Bill.

Bill rubbed his face with his hand, “He a-a-a-always did,” He says, walking outside of the garage. “S-s-so let’s go,”

“Go?” Richie asked, followed by Ben. “Go where?” his voice cracked at the end.

“To Neibolt.” Bill answered, “That - that’s where G-G-Georgie is.”

“After all of *that*?” Stan asked, his hand pointing inside the garage. “Are you kidding?”

Richie slightly nodded. “Yeah, it’s summer. We should be outside -”

“If y-y-you say it’s s-s-summer one more *fucking* time...” Bill threatened. They didn’t say anything else.

Bill turned around, grabbed his bike, and rode off. “Bill!” Beverly called. “Wait!”

But he was already gone.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Since there were small changes, there might be 19 chapters, now. Heh. :)))

## 11. Doors

### Summary for the Chapter:

8-9 more chapters to go! :))))

“Wait!” Beverly tried to stop Bill, but it was too late.

“Shit.” Stan swore, jogging to his bike, having no time to argue or talk.

The Losers immediately grabbed their bikes, too, and followed Stan. Eddie went to Richie’s and climbed on the back, clutching the taller boy’s waist as they began to pedal.

The wind blew hard against them, meeting a couple of cars on the way. Eddie was slightly bouncing because of the rocks and the little bumps on the road Richie was riding through.

While they were busy doing that, Eddie watches the houses, and parked cars passing by, people walking to their streets. But ahead of them, he spots a few familiar people who just closed the doors of a white van as they walk out. He remembered them as the people who gave him those drugs, and pulled out syringes that had always frightened Eddie.

As they were going to pass them, he felt like time was slowing down, and one particular guy from that group, made eye-contact with him. Eddie’s eyes widen, before looking away, tensing and stiff behind Richie.

Eddie knew that that guy saw him, but he didn’t say anything because he didn’t want to be sure. He didn’t want to believe that he was caught. And because it wasn’t the time to get caught.

“Bill!” All of them stopped and got off their bikes, dropping them onto the pavement, just in front of the Neibolt house. “Bill, you can’t go in there. This is crazy!” Beverly says, speedwalking to Bill, who was standing outside of the door of the house.

Bill turns around, “Look, you don’t have to come in with me,” The

others walk closer. "But what happens if another Georgie goes missing..." He glances away.

"...Or another Betty, or another Patrick Hockstetter, *or one of us*?" Bill asks, moving his hands to prove his point. "Are you just gonna pretend like it didn't happen to everyone else in this town?" Bill breathed exhaustively. "Because, I can't."

Some of them looked down on the ground, not able to look at Bill in the eye. "I go home, and all I see is that Georgie isn't there. His clothes, his toys, his stupid stuffed animals are there, but *he* isn't."

He walked a step forward to them, "So walking in this house..." He points under him, "...for me, it's easier than walking in on my own."

Bill walks back to open the door. "Wow," Richie commented.

"What?" Beverly asked.

"He didn't stutter once." He responded, walking forward, with Eddie beside him, to follow Bill.

"Wait!" They all turn around to look at Stan. "Um, shouldn't we have some people keep watch?" Bill fidgets with the door knob. "You know, just in case something bad happens?" Stan asked.

"Wh-wh-who wants to stay out here?" Bill asked.

All of them raised their hands, except Beverly and Eddie. Eddie pulled Richie's hand down, because he wanted Richie with him. Richie cooperated and kept his hands to his sides.

They stared at the others who still had their hands raised, and while they realize what they were staring for, they slowly put them down like they were doing something else.

"Fuck," Richie mumbled to no one in particular.

Eddie was terrified, and he knew that Richie was, too. In fact, all of them were, they just weren't bothered enough to express it. In the end, Richie and Eddie were the only ones who accompanied Bill.

Going in, the house looked like it hasn't been used for centuries. There were spiderwebs, dusts, leaves and a few of the furnitures here and there. The doors were askew, windows were very unclean, branches of trees fell down and went through it and the ceilings seemed like it was about to fall any second.

Richie hasn't left Eddie's side when they inspected the room. They weren't holding hands, or anything, they just looked out for each other. *Just in case something bad happens.*

Bill pulled a broken bike out, creating a loud creaking sound that made him drop it back down. "Shit," he swore lightly.

"Hello?"

A feminine voice cried out, echoing against the walls and stairs. It startled the three, making them look up the staircase. Bill begins to walk over to where the voice came from. "Hello?" It cries again. "Help me, please!"

They start to climb up, Bill coming first, then Eddie, and Richie. There were some sobbing, choking and gagging sounds, which made them more cautious of their surroundings. A chair, a small round table and a lamp were scattered around when they reach the second floor. They stopped at the beginning of the narrow hallway, and they see a part of Betty Ripsom's body on the floor, her hair dishevelled as she coughs. The door was halfway closed, not revealing too much of the room of where she was in.

Her head turns to look at the three boys, gasping for air. She had blood encircling her mouth. "Betty?" Bill asked.

"Ripsom?" Richie asked.

Before she had the time to respond, something pulled her legs and her screams soon were heard. The three jumped. Bill and Eddie shook while they try to steadily trudge to the room. They didn't know that Richie wasn't following anymore.

Bill pushes open the door, expecting to see Betty Ripsom, but instead saw a window on their right. "What? Where is she?" Bill asked,

entering the room with Eddie.

There was a heater near the shattered window, and a mattress lying on the floor. The wallpaper on the walls were scraped and torn apart. Then Eddie hears the door creaking behind them. He turns around.

“Guys!” Richie shouted from afar.

He was running to the two, but he was too far as he was across from them. The door slammed in front of them, making Eddie sprint and pry it open. It didn’t budge. “Guys!” Richie screams.

“Richie!” Eddie yelled, still trying to pull the door out of his way. He felt like the most terror-stricken person in the world. *How did I not notice he was gone?* Eddie thinks, getting mad at himself.

“*What the fuck!*” Richie’s voice was a little muffled from the other side.

In the next few seconds, it became quiet. Then they hear a smashing sound of something being broken and destroyed below. “Richie!” Eddie yells again.

Eddie finally lets go and dashes throughout the room, searching for something to break open the door while Bill tries to pull the door. “Richie! Open the door!” Bill demanded.

“*Eddie,*” Richie’s voice rang in Eddie’s ear.

Eddie drops the wood on his hand, and followed the voice. It came from another room on his left. The door was left ajar, showing the stuff inside. Richie’s face peeked through behind something cloaked, smiling at Eddie. “*Hey, Eds!*” he grins widely, laughing afterwards and hiding his head back behind the thing.

“Richie!” he says, relief washing over him.

He walks into the room to grab Richie and get the three of them out of there. “Richie,” He calls again.

When Eddie arrives behind the cloaked thing where Richie previously was, he finds no one but more cloaked things. “Rich?” Eddie asked,



getting scared. "Where are you?"

There was only one thing that wasn't cloaked. It was in the middle of the room, isolated from others. It was the chair his mother used to always put him when he was being tested. Eddie backs off.

"Eddie?" Bill called, just outside.

He turns, seeing Bill waiting for him. Eddie sighs, disappointed that he didn't find Richie, then starts to walk back to Bill. He was a few steps away when the door automatically slams itself shut. Eddie runs to the door, attempting to open it with his powers. It didn't work.

Bill pounds at the door, "Eddie!" he shouts.

"Bill! Bill, open the door, please!" Eddie pleaded. He felt so much fear coursing through his veins. He just wanted this to be over.

"It - it can't open!" Bill responded. "What's g-g-g-going on there, Eddie?"

The lights began to flicker, making Eddie's heart skip a beat out of fear. Then he hears soft thuds behind him. He turns around.

All of the cloaks that hid the unknown objects were laid on the floor, revealing mannequins dressed up like scientists. They were covered with a bunch of papers with drawings on them. Some were littered beside the cloaks, and some were dangling off the fake people.

A trunk was now on top of the chair, illogically balancing perfectly without any movement or swaying. Eddie was about to try and open the door one more time, but there was a mannequin blocking his path, a small shriek escaping his lips. He backs off again, turning his head to be more careful.

"Eddie," Said a whisper. Eddie looks at the trunk. "*Help us.*" it whispered.

He was very reluctant about it, but he managed to drag himself there to take a better look. "*We're in here, Eddie.*"

Eddie gulped, his hand shaking as he unlocks the chest, and heaves it

open. Several red balloons escaped and began to float all over the place. Eddie staggers away, almost tripping over his own feet. As more balloons come out, he finally decided to swerve his way back to the trunk to lock it.

Just as he did, IT jumps out behind the trunk, scaring the living shit out of Eddie. Eddie falls onto the ground, making him crawl backwards and away from the clown.

“Where ya goin’, Eddie?” IT grins at him.

“*Come to the clown, Eds.*” A voice echoed.

“We all float down here.” He points down below him.

Eddie’s breath rapidly quickens, his chest heaving repeatedly. The clown’s smile widens, becoming more wicked each time. “Yes, we do.” He says, laughing hysterically, before hopping down and ran after Eddie.

“No!” Eddie screamed, getting up fast and running towards the door. “Bill!” He shouts.

Right on time, Bill harshly opens the door, making way for Eddie to pass before IT had the chance to grab him. He shuts it firmly. “Let’s get out of - of h-h-h-here!” Bill exclaims, clutching Eddie’s shoulder.

Unfortunately, some kind of blue acid appears from the closed door of where Eddie was before. The leaves that came on its way, dissolved and evaporated into thin air. The acid starts to move closer to the two.

Bill and Eddie turned and saw three doors. Each had blood dripping on them, spelling out:

***NOT SCARY AT ALL (On the far left) | SCARY (In the middle) | VERY SCARY (On the far right)***

The blood was abnormally dripping *upwards*, rather than downwards. The two boys looked at each other, before going after the door on the left.

Bill opens it, the room dark as no light was provided. That was until Eddie pulled the light switch and the room revealed Betty Ripsom. Half of her body (waist down) was amputated, her hands hung up with roped on the ceiling and she screamed when they screamed. They close the door.

“Where the hell were her legs?” Eddie shouted, terrified and his back still on the door.

Looking back, they notice the acid was dispersing more and more, nearly reaching the boys. Bill confronts Eddie by holding his shoulders. “This isn’t real, Eddie.” Bill says, “IT’s playing t-t-t-tricks on us, none - none of this is real!”

Eddie closes his eyes, composing himself, before thinking, *This is not real. Not those balloons, not those fake people, and definitely not that fake Richie. It’s not real, it’s not real.*

He reopen his eyes, “C-c-c-come on, you ready?” Bill asked, Eddie nods unsurely. And luckily, when they opened the door, it showed the original hallway.

The both of them breathed out a sigh of relief, leaning on each other. “Where’s Richie, now?” Eddie asked.

“Help!” From afar, Eddie already knew it was Richie that cried out.

They run across the hallway, and to the room where they heard the yell. They barge in and find Richie sitting uncomfortably on the floor, his hands to his ankle, indicating that they were broken, and the clown facing him, a hand to Richie’s face. “Richie,” Eddie says, his eyes wide.

The clown grins, his eyes visibly yellow, with a tint of red around the irises. IT turns to Bill. “This isn’t real enough for you, Billy?” Then he pouts, tilting his head as he curls his fingers around Richie’s throat. “*I’m not real enough for you?*”

Eddie looks around, looking for anything to hit the clown with. “It was real enough for Georgie!” IT says.

The clown laughs, then pulls his hand off Richie and began to run

towards the two. Before IT even touches them, he was stabbed with a metal bar by Beverly. “What the fuck!” Richie yelled.

The bar pierced the clown’s right eye, and through the side of his head. IT’s blood was pouring *upwards*. Eddie took this opportunity to run to Richie.

“Oh, god.” Eddie knelt down next to Richie, “What’s wrong?” He asked, looking down at Richie’s ankle. Beverly and Bill followed Eddie.

Richie grips Eddie’s hand. “Fuck, fuck, fuck, *fuck!* ” Richie exclaimed, looking directly at the clown.

Beverly nudged Eddie’s shoulder, making him look up. Ben, Mike and Stan were at the door, hesitating to go in with them, so they just stood, trying to figure out what to do. And right outside, Eddie sees the van he saw when they were just on their way to Neibolt. But instead of one, there were more parading there, waiting for him to come out. He still had time.

“Richie,” Eddie holds Richie’s face into his palm. “Look at me! *Look at me,*” He says, looking back and forth at the door, the clown and Richie.

His mother was there to take him. He wouldn’t be able to escape from this, so he had to make Richie calm before letting himself be taken away. He didn’t want to cause any more troubles with The Losers and he had to talk to his mother. He *had* to. He knows that he couldn’t live under Bill’s table forever, or use his clothes and eat his food for the rest of his life. *It wasn’t going to last.* Eddie thinks, discouraging himself.

Richie stares up at Eddie, his face relaxing. *Pretty boy.* Eddie smiles, even though he had tears at the back of his eyes. “We’re gonna be fine, okay? *You’re* gonna be fine.” he says.

Eddie leans in, touching his forehead with Richie’s, before letting go of his hand and standing up. “Guys, stand back.” He tells the others who were at the door. They obeyed Eddie and ran next to Richie.

He finds three metal bars on the floor, and he hurls them at the clown with his powers. IT falls back a few steps, lurching as he looks at Eddie, then to The Losers. IT laughs, bowing as if he had just presented something onstage. And he fought to walk backwards and away from the kids. Eddie looks at the window. He could see the men coming for him.

“Richie,” Eddie turns to him. He felt a sob forming around his throat. “It was...” He could *hear* their footsteps nearing. “It was great meeting you.” He purses his lips, trying his hard not to cry.

*He wasn't not going to see them again.*

“What?” Richie asked. “Eds, what are you talking about?” He was struggling to stand up. Eddie stopped him, though, by holding a hand up.

He turns to the others. “Guys, I -” Eddie suddenly felt a hand on his right shoulder. Then another on his left.

“Hey!” Ben said, but Eddie intervenes.

“No, wait, please. Not yet.” Eddie begs, looking at his mother’s workers. He sees them pull out a syringe out of their pocket. Eddie shook his head. “No...”

He pulls his arm back, and before the men grabbed him, he used his powers to stop them. *Just at least for a minute.*

“You guys,” He let out a sob, “You’re the best thing that has ever happened to me.” More men came in the house. He couldn’t stop them anymore. “But I have to go now.”

A hand was pulling him away. “Richie,” Eddie wasn’t ready yet. He wanted to say more. *Needed* to say more. He felt something prick through his arm, making him dizzy. “I - I -” Eddie wasn’t able to finish his sentence as everything went black. The last thing he was Richie trying to stand up, shouting his name.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Lol, this is the longest chapter I've ever written in

this book. x))

## 12. Bikes

### Notes for the Chapter:

I have one new plan for this book, I can't wait to write it! x))))))

“Richie, I - I -” Eddie’s eyes drooped, falling back in the man’s arms. He held Eddie back, dragging him out of the house with the intruders.

“Eddie! Fuck,” Richie pushes himself up, ignoring the pain on his ankle. *No, Richie thinks. Eddie can’t leave. Not yet. And definitely not this way.*

He nearly toppled over trying to limp his way outside to get to the Eddie. Eddie was being carried and put into one of the vans. He could see a woman with glasses grabbing him and holding him close as the door or the van slides close.

“Bill, we gotta help Richie!” Beverly yelled. She and Stan was helping Richie get up, but Richie refused to be helped and told them off.

Richie looked around, not finding Bill anywhere. Beverly kept him still when he continued to walk to the people.

*He was fucking gone, and I didn’t notice. Was he even there when Eddie said his goodbye?*

When Richie stepped outside, the vans were already speeding away from Neibolt. “Eddie!” he shouted, even though he knew Eddie wouldn’t be able to hear it.

“Eddie?” Bill materialized, jogging towards the group who were already outside with Richie. “Wh-wh-where’s Eddie?” He looked at the vans that were disappearing from their view.

Everyone was panting, but nobody answered Bill. So he decided to discuss something else.

“I saw the well.” Bill started by facing all of them. “W-w-w-we know

where IT is, and - and next time, we'll all be better prep-p-p-pared."

*That motherfucker. He doesn't even care.*

Richie was about to say something, but Stan beat him to it. "No!" All of them faced Stan. "No *next time* , Bill." Bill flinched, "You're insane!"

"Why? We all know nobody else is gonna do anything." Beverly replied.

"Eddie got *taken*. Did you not see that," Richie retorted, "Or did you *not fucking see* that?" He spat, extending his arm to tell them what he meant. He realized he cared more about Eddie's safety than his, because he prioritized him, before thinking about how he almost got killed by his worst fear. He realized how important Eddie was to him.

They were quiet, not knowing what to say. It was very rare to see Richie angry, but when he was, it's pretty fucking terrifying. Beverly calmed down, not wanting to piss her best friend off more.

"We can't pretend that it's just gonna go away. That's not how it works," Beverly says, then looking up at Ben. "Ben, you've said it yourself. IT comes back every twenty-seven years."

"Fine!" Ben responded, startling Beverly a little. "I'll be forty and far away from here." He says. "I thought you said you wanted to get out of this town, too?"

"Because I want to run towards something," She said. "...Not away."

"Not when that *something* almost killed me." Richie snapped. "How come nobody remembered that? Am I that fucking forgettable?"

"Richie..." Stan trails.

"No, I'm just saying, let's face facts." Richie says, looking at Stan, then to all of them. "*Real world*." He looks directly at Bill. "Georgie is *dead*. So stop trying to get us killed, too." Richie had to stop, so he starts to go to his bike to get the hell out of there.

But Bill stops him and pushes Richie back slightly. "Georgie's not



dead.” He glared, walking up to him.

Richie didn’t back down as he glared back. He really was trying to control his patience. “You couldn’t save him, but you could still save yourself.” Richie says, feeling harsh and cruel, but he was filled with rage at the moment, he just couldn’t help himself. He tries to go to his bike, but he was stopped again.

“No! T-t-t-take it back!” Bill demanded. “You’re sc-sc-scared, and we all are, but - but take it back!” He pushes Richie harshly, making his ankle hurt even more.

Richie’s patience were completely gone as he focused on his anger and vengeance. He shoves Bill back with all his might, hearing gasps from the others.

All he got back was a hard punch on the face, which made him lose his balance and fall over. “Bill!” Beverly called, a shocked expression on her face.

“Shit, Richie.” Stan swore, running to Richie to help him up. Richie hissed, severely feeling the pain all over his left cheek and ankle. He ignored both the pain and Stan.

“Fuck you!” Richie yelled, jumping up and punching Bill back, sending him backwards. Then he was being pulled back by Mike and Stan. “You’re such a fucking loser!”

Ben was tugging Bill back from trying to get another punch. “Richie, stop!” Stan ordered.

“No, fuck off!” Richie said, attempting to pull himself off the two. “You’re all a bunch of losers! You’re gonna get yourself killed while trying to catch a stupid clown!” He spat.

Beverly had enough, pushing them both back and get herself in the middle. “Stop!” And they did.

Richie snatches his arms back and fixed his glasses. “This is what IT wants.” She stated. “IT wants to divide us.” They grew quiet, glancing at each other every now and then. “We were all together when we heard it. *That’s* why we’re still alive.”

“Yeah? Well, I plan to keep it that way. You should, too.” Richie replied, ending their conversation and finally getting to his bike without any interruptions. He shoved Bill’s shoulder before going there, though.

Richie hears Stan and Ben slowly go after him. He was glad he had people that understood his decisions. He saw Mike going, too, but Beverly stopped him.

He didn’t stay any longer to find out why.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

TeeHEE :))

## 13. Memories

### Notes for the Chapter:

Thanks for all the kudos and comments in the past 13 chapters of this fanfic, guys! Can't believe we're 6 chapters away from finishing... :)))

It's been six weeks since his and The Losers' encounter with the clown, and Eddie felt like it's been an eternity already.

His mother was disappointed at him for running away, but she forgave him and still took care of him. She provided him better food, better clothes and everything she thought he needed. But all he truly needed was his freedom, his acceptance. *His friends.*

Eddie hasn't had a proper talk with his mother, yet. He chose to isolate himself in his small room, hiding under the covers of his bed and busied himself, thinking about what his life had been, what made him happy and the people who made him happy. It wasn't often thought about how he'll escape because it would cause more deaths and it would be an endless cycle of destruction. He knew that one day, he'll need to get out and confront his mother about everything.

"Get comfortable," The man instructed over the speaker. Eddie obeys and kneels on the carpeted floor in front of a TV. He was sent in the white room where they usually experiment him on, and there was a huge mirror separating the men and Eddie. He couldn't see them, though.

He fiddles with the hem of his shirt. He remembers a man burning Bill's shirt, and same with the pair of shorts. And the shoes and unmatching socks. "Don't worry, I'm just going to scan something," he says, as if reassuring Eddie, which it didn't. Especially when Eddie had things attached to his chest and forehead.

"When you're ready," he said. He wasn't, so he just stared at the screen of the TV on static. The last time he did this was when he was told to visit a relative of a worker of his mother (they had to show Eddie a picture of the relative). He was getting a little better at it.

The man waited for at least a minute, before speaking up again. "Okay, just - think of anyone. Doesn't matter who, we don't need to know who they are, so just focus on a person." He said.

Eddie immediately took the opportunity to visit one of The Losers. Then he thought of something better.

"Can I visit more than one person?" Eddie spoke for the first time.

There was a pause. "Yes! That - that would actually be better." The man's voice was clearly was in shock to hear Eddie speak. "Alright, start whenever."

Eddie did a quick think in his head, deciding who to visit first, then choosing Ben. He shifts his body until he was fully comfortable, taking a deep breath, before closing his eyes and focused on Ben.

---

Eddie hears indistinct noises on his left. It sounded like humming, so he followed it. As he got nearer, he sees Ben lying on his bed, staring at the ceiling with his headphones covering his ears. He was humming softly and calmly.

Eddie had always liked Ben. He sometimes wished to be as calm and generous as he was. Ben was the sensitive, shy and ingenious one in The Losers, and he usually only talks to Eddie more than the others (aside from Richie). He sometimes lends Eddie books that he borrowed from the library to share ideas and opinions about them. Eddie appreciated all of them, and was grateful for all the facts and interesting histories of different places that Ben taught him. *Especially* in writing poetry. (Eddie still insists that Ben is Bev's secret admirer)

He was also the one who introduced him to music, which Eddie was glad for because his mother never told him about it, or made him listen to any songs of any artists that she may have liked.

Eddie misses Ben a lot.

---

Beverly was next, and Eddie found her relaxing in her bathtub,

wearing her shower cap, her legs hidden in the water, arms sticking out while she stares into nothing. She had the 'thinking face' on, which means that she shouldn't be disturbed at the moment.

Eddie had always looked up to Beverly, because she was bold, courageous and fearless. She doesn't care about what people thought of her because she was cool that way. She was also a very comfortable person to talk to about anything, and most of the time, she somehow relates to Eddie in some way.

He remembers Beverly talking about boys, and how some were assholes, and some were just complete sweethearts. At the that time, all Eddie could think about was Richie, and it wasn't that the others weren't attractive, or anything, he just really have this... *thing* with Richie (Eddie doesn't know what it is, but he kinda likes it).

He remembers Beverly teaching him how to play the piano, and how she could gracefully play it. She taught him how to stand up for himself without realising that she's actually teaching him because she sometimes tells him about what her bullies do in their school. Eddie thinks she was fierce physically, and emotionally.

Eddie misses Beverly a lot.

---

Mike was holding a captive bolt gun in his hand, pointing it to a sheep. Eddie assumes he was in the farm with his grandfather, teaching him how to kill an animal fast without causing it any pain. Mike used to always say that he hated doing it because he didn't want to hurt animals, but his grandfather insists that it had to be done because he said that that's what outsiders, like he was, do. And seeing Mike pulling the trigger of the gun, makes Eddie squirm as he pities him.

Eddie had always thought that Mike was the nicest person out of all The Losers, because he always helped Eddie (without Eddie actually asking him to) with anything he was struggling to do. He was always a good listener to Eddie whenever he tried to talk, or to anyone in particular, really, and he supported all of his decisions, even though no one really agrees to it.

He remembers Mike teaching him how to build and repair things. He taught him about animals that Eddie may or may not have seen or heard of. What those animals do, provide, how they live, etc. He also taught Eddie how to survive the outside world, in case something bad happens to him (like, getting lost).

Eddie misses Mike a lot.

---

Eddie finds Bill sitting down on a dining chair, the food untouched and clearly has been poked on. It saddened him to find Bill alone, not eating his food. It reminded Eddie of himself when he first started living under his table, because he didn't trust anyone that much yet.

He had always noticed Bill's creativeness and his loyalty to his friends. Eddie thinks it was nice having him as a friend because he liked to have someone stay with him until the end.

He remembers Bill teaching him how to draw and paint, and choosing which color matches which. He taught him how to make things out of paper, scraps and plastic. Everything that they made was extremely attractive to Eddie, making him sometimes envy Bill's imaginative mind. He also taught him about the dos and don'ts when they do something (like, don't litter or waste anything because some people don't have those kind of things that they do).

Eddie especially remembers when Bill let him live under his care, providing him food and his clothes, and devotedly keeping his secret.

Eddie misses Bill a lot.

---

Stan stood, wearing his Jewish clothing as he points at the words with a Torah reading stick. He was reading them out loud and Eddie noticed that he kept glancing at something. Eddie assumes he was in a church, his father behind him and people listening to him while speaking indecisively in front of them.

He had always knew that Stan was a very emotionally strong person. He may look stern, strict and boring, but in reality, he was a very soft

and kind person, caring for anyone he's dedicated to determinedly. He also kept a lot of secrets, which made him one of the most mysterious people Eddie had met.

Eddie remembers Stan teaching Eddie how to do basic things in the kitchen. That was when Eddie found out that he liked to cook, though he knew he'd never admit that because he was Stan and he liked to keep things to himself. He remembers the first time he walked in on Stan and Richie, *dancing* and *singing* (horribly, might he adds) to the song Africa by a band called Toto. That was also when Eddie found out that Stan liked to dance, which he had never guessed because Stan didn't look like the type of person who danced.

In all truthfulness, Eddie thinks Stan's a very fun person to hang out with, since he taught him how to dance (secretly, not telling the others about it).

Eddie misses Stan a lot.

---

Richie was the last person Eddie decided to visit. And he found him wearing formal clothes, sitting with rows of people. Eddie wonders what he was doing there. Then he remembered that Richie sometimes comes with Stan to the church just to give him moral support. Eddie thinks it was sweet of him to do that (like Richie always is when it came to Eddie).

Eddie had always guessed that Richie wasn't who he seemed to be on the outside. He guessed that he was just using the jokes, the puns and the laughter to hide what he really felt. To hide who he really was. And Eddie guessed them all right.

He had seen (multiple times) how Richie was when it was just the two of them talking and sharing memories to each other. And it made Eddie special, knowing that Richie only does it to him.

Eddie remembers all the stuff that Richie influenced him to do. He remembers when the first day he'd seen Richie and the others. He remembers Richie offering him the chocolate that he now loved and craved. He remembers all the first times that Richie, *and only Richie*,

showed and taught him (like, swearing). Eddie missed him a ton.

Then Eddie cries.

He cries because he misses his friends. He cries because he wasn't ever going to see them again. He cries because he wanted them back. He cries, knowing that couldn't.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

;)))



## 14. Vases

### Notes for the Chapter:

Let's take a look at Bev's POV! (Also, Beth is her aunt because I don't know what her name is, so I'm just calling her that) Very short chapter, so the next one might be posted very soon?!

Beverly twisted the door knob and entered the house, dropping her bag on the floor. She just arrived home after hanging out with Richie, Ben and Stan. The three of them helped Richie go around town to look for Eddie, but they still didn't find anything that could lead them to him.

The Losers don't hang out too often anymore. Half of them were busy with their families, and half of them just weren't bothered. Richie became awfully quiet and distant to all of them, that's why Beverly makes use of the time with she spends with him. Also, Richie was still pretty upset about Bill punching him, so they haven't talked since that incident, which was about eight weeks ago.

"Aunt Beth?" Beverly calls out, shutting the door behind her. "I'm home!"

She walks straight to their living room to check if her aunt was there. She wasn't, though, but the TV was left on. *"- sewer is a fun place to play with all of your friends! Just follow the water and into the drains...and down to the sewers you go! When you're with your friends -"* Beverly hastily presses down the off-button of the TV and the place became eerily silent.

Beverly sighed as she placed the remote back on the armchair. She was going to grab her bag (which was next to the exit), but she halts when she nearly bumped into a man. A man who was her father.

Beverly immediately backs away, her father walk forward tauntingly. "Where are you going?"

She couldn't believe her eyes, so she tried to blink to see if it was

real. And it was. "How...how did you get in here?" She reaches for the wall to help her guide where she was.

Her father tilted his head, ignoring her question. "You know, sometimes I worry about you, Bevvv. Sometimes, I worry a *lot*." He grabs hold of Beverly's hand. It was tight and firm and she couldn't escape even though she harshly tried to pry it away. "People in town...have been saying some things to me about you." *He was supposed to be gone.* She thinks, "Sneaking around all summer *alone* with a bunch of boys." He says, his hand tightening more than ever making Beverly whimper from the pain. "The only girl in the pack."

"Let go of me!" Her voice faltering in the end as she pulls her arm hard, but he didn't budge.

"I know what's in a boy's mind when they look at you, Bevvv. I know all too well." His hand softens at that one second, and Beverly took the chance to yank her hand away from her father.

It worked this time, and Beverly staggers a little, but she stood her ground and ran to the bathroom. She heard footsteps running after her as she locked the door and instantly took the vase next to the sink. Her breathing speeds up, then thinking *where the hell was her aunt when she needed her?*

Beverly hides inside the bathtub, the vase slipping through her fingers because her hands were sweating from nervousness and fear. She grips it firmly with shaking hands, waiting for her father to come in and push the curtains away.

She then hears a loud bang, followed by a thud. She could see the silhouette going towards her direction. Then a hand gripped the curtain, and Beverly lifts the vase, getting ready to smash it against her father's head.

The curtains slid across, revealing nothing but the door that was now on the floor. Beverly looks around, letting the vase fall into her arms as she reluctantly steps down the tub, the vase still in her hands.

As she steps out of the bathroom, a hand grabs her throat and pulls her from the ground, making her drop the vase and try to take the

hand off her neck. Beverly stares into the yellow eyes of the grinning clown in front of her. She reaches for IT's face because she couldn't breathe anymore, but he was too far. Her eyes blurred, blinking herself awake and then suddenly, she was gone.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Omg, I'm so excited!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! iesfjosjoisejf

## 15. Televisions

### Notes for the Chapter:

I just want to say that I've just reread all of the chapters and cringed because of the mistakes that I made. I'm sorry but I'm admitting that I never really proof-read them after finishing writing. Sorry! xD

Eddie approaches the little girl playing with the water on the sink. He then smiled because she was giggling by herself when she wriggled her hands around and the water sprinkles on her face.

He was practicing again, and it was getting easier each time. This was the easiest, though, because the little girl was only in the room next to where he was now.

“Okay, that’s enough, let’s take a break.” Eddie hears the man speak over the speaker.

Suddenly, Eddie feels shaken and cold. He looks around, searching for any danger. He felt as though something happened. Something...*bad*.

They left Eddie in the room, keeping the doors unlocked but secured (they placed alarms there in case Eddie tries to escape). They always leave him there to take a five to ten minute break, which Eddie uses to try and find something new about his powers, or maybe visit one of his friends. Eddie feels he needed to choose his visiting today. So he did.

Eddie stayed in his place, not turning the TV off, and waited until he heard the click of the door closing. The little girl disappeared when he began to focus, but the sink lingered. The water was still running and he could hear the drain pushing it toward the sewers. *The sewers.*

He immediately worries that something might have happened to one of them, or worse, maybe *all* of them. Eddie starts to focus on all of them at once. He has tried this a couple of times, and it drained most of his power, making him weak and tired.

Their frames were faint, but he could still see where they were. He breathed out a sigh of relief when he saw Richie, Stan and Ben safely walking together. Bill was riding his bike and Mike was sitting down with his legs against his chest, pulling weeds out of the ground. Eddie was glad they were safe. But he felt like someone was missing.

The Losers disappeared around him, he could feel his head pound from the abundant use of his power. Then suddenly, he thinks, *Where's Beverly?*

The sudden realization made a big impact in Eddie's head, pessimistic possibilities now invaded his thoughts as he focuses on Beverly's appearance, his heart beating a hundred miles per hour.

"Beverly!" Eddie said when he saw a body lying on the ground.

Eddie runs towards it, kneeling down in front of her unconscious state. "Bev? Oh, god," He worries, shakily and reluctantly touching Beverly's shoulder. He didn't know that he could physically touch people in his head. He noticed there were scratches and small bruises forming on her arm, but he hopes she wasn't badly hurt. *How did she end up in the sewers?* Eddie thinks, then he remembered about the clown.

Eddie's eyes widen, hastily shaking his friend's shoulder, "Bev! Wake up, please." He stops because she began shifting and forcing her eyes to open.

Beverly looks around before slowly standing up. Eddie does the same, becoming more careful with her. She starts to walk around, tripping as her legs gave up, and falling down in a puddle of water. She was on her hands and knees when she lifted her head, staring at something Eddie couldn't see. Beverly stood, backing away, quivering while she looked up.

She hurriedly looks around for an escape exit, running to her left and tried pulling open a door. Then both Eddie and her hear a voice. "*Step right up, Beverly, step right up!*" She turns her head around.

Some kind of music box was playing, "*Come change, come float! You'll laugh, you'll cry! You'll cheer...*" The voice changes into a deeper

tone, the tempo slowing down. “ *You’ll die.*”

A laugh echoed around, “ *Introducing, Pennywise, the dancing clown!* ” Another psychotic laugh, the music box stopped and a toy clown popped up. Then a huge metal box opened and crushed the smaller one.

All Eddie could think about now was the clown and Beverly. Smoke and confetti blew out as a faster circus music played, making Beverly jump in surprise. When the smoke faded away, it revealed IT. And out of blue, he started dancing, his legs kicking sideways with his fists facing downwards, bouncing up and down with the tempo. He doesn’t stop until Beverly found another door, but it was opened this time, and attempted to run there. And Pennywise jumped his way through Beverly and grabbed her throat, pulling her up in the air.

Eddie couldn’t do anything, he couldn’t say anything. It was all so terrifying, and all he could do was watch. “I’m not afraid of you.” Beverly managed to gasp out, looking directly at the clown.

Pennywise didn’t believe it, so he sniffed the air, as if trying to smell her fear. His head was moving around, his lips forming a frown. He looked angry, then he tightened his grip around her neck. “You will be.” IT whispered, before opening his mouth.

His mouth was widening every second, but Eddie didn’t have the chance to see what happened next because they both disappeared and he was alone again. Then he felt like the TV wasn’t playing anymore. He opens his eyes.

And he was right. “No,” he said, pressing the on button multiple times. “No, no, no, no!” Eddie’s eyes looked at the wire connecting to it, but the plug was still there. *Maybe there’s something wrong with the TV.*

Eddie quickly abandons the room, going for the door. He knew there were alarms and security cameras, but he had to get out of there, somehow. He had to help his friends.

The door made a small beep when he exited the room, and he looked around to see if there were people gathering to get him. Eddie ran to

the directions that signs gave him, leading him to the gate out of there.

“And just what do you think you’re doing?” Eddie’s mother asked, blocking his way, making him halt.

Eddie backs up to create space between them. “I’m - I’m going to my friends.”

Her eyebrows furrowed, shaking her head at him. “Sweetie,” He could see that she was hiding something behind her, but he stood his ground, still determined to get to his friends. “You can’t go. We’re helping you get over your sickness, remember?”

*Maybe now’s the time to confront her, Eddie thinks. This is the only time I’ve got to do so. I might never come back from this.*

“My sickness? What *sickness*, Ma?” Eddie scoffed, “I - I’m not...” He hears footsteps behind him. “I was *never* fucking sick in the first place! This -” He gestures the place around him. “This is all bullshit!”

She paused for a second, wondering where did he learn how to swear. “We help you, Eddie. We have to protect you.” she just said.

“Protect me? By locking me in this hellhole? By keeping me from the people that actually make me feel like I’m a normal person?” Eddie feels his heart break. “You know, maybe...I’m different, maybe I can do things, but have you ever thought that maybe - maybe it was a gift? That - that there’s really nothing wrong with me, but you just think that I do? That maybe you do this because you think I’m not worthy of being your son? And that you can’t accept me, unless I...” Eddie looks away, anger and sadness filling his mind.

“Eddie...”

He shook his head, “I’m going to my friends.” He glances at the syringe she was holding. “Don’t bother trying to stop me.”

Eddie exits confidently out of the place, feeling the eyes following his every move. “Eddie, don’t do this to me.” she calls out, trying to reach him as she throws the syringe away. “Eddie! Come back, I’m sorry!” But he ignored her, and he ran and ran. He didn’t know

where he was, but he had to try to find them. He was going to see them again.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I CANNOT WAIT TO WRITE THE NEXT CHAPTER.  
ahfenwksfjnsfnskfn



## 16. Knives

### Notes for the Chapter:

I'm sorry, I got too excited writing this chapter, I had to post another one today! Ya'll are lucky getting two chapters in one day...;)

Richie, Stan and Ben continued to hang out and look around for three more hours after Beverly left. They were now walking at The Quarry, talking then not talking, laughing then not laughing. Richie had his hands in his pockets, kicking small pebbles that are going getting in his way.

“Look at what we have here!” An all too familiar voice exclaimed. The boys stopped and turned around. Henry Bowers was approaching them.

They're now slowly backing away from him. “Only three of you?” he gasped, then pouting. “Shame.”

The three turned around again, trying to escape, but Belch Huggins and Victor Criss were already waiting. They grabbed Richie and Stan, and Bowers took Ben.

“Where're your other faggot friends, huh?” Bowers asked, pushing Ben to the ground.

Richie glared as him and Stan struggles to get free from the bullies. “Leave him alone!” Richie yelled.

Bowers ignored him and pressed his foot to Ben's cheek. “Get off! Get off me!” Ben shouted, pushing his leg.

This angered the bully, so he got on top of Ben and punched his face, earning a grunt from him. Then another punch. “Stop!” Richie yelled again.

Bowers glanced at Victor and nodded at him. Victor obeyed and began to drag Stan near Ben. Bowers pulled out his knife and tugged Ben's shirt up, showing his chest. The knife barely even touched Ben

when Stan looked away. Victor grabs his chin and made him look. "Fucking watch!" He demanded.

The bully cuts a long line across Ben's stomach. Ben whimpered in pain. Blood was trickling down his skin, and Richie couldn't watch anymore. But he couldn't just stand there either, and watch his friend get hurt.

"Stop!" Richie shouted. "Just fucking stop! I'll - I'll do anything, I swear! Just leave them alone!" He knew he was going to regret saying that, but his friends were his priority, and he'd do anything to keep them safe.

Bowers lifted the knife and looked at Richie with a raised eyebrow. "Anything?" He wondered, smirking evilly.

Richie didn't say anything, just panted and stared at his friends. Bowers scoffed, before nodding to the cliff. "Jump." He tested, playing with the knife.

Belch shoves Richie towards the end of the cliff, and Richie stood looking at them, getting nervous and reluctant.

They waited for a few seconds, before Bowers talked again. "Do it, or Tits over here's gonna get it." Bowers threatened, placing the knife back on Ben's stomach, making him flinch. He could see a small amount of blood coming out.

Richie gulped, fixing his glasses, then he starts to walk over to the edge. "Richie, no!" Ben said, pulling himself up, but Bowers pushed him down.

Tiny rocks were brushed off by Richie's feet when he arrived at the end. *You've jumped down here before. There's nothing to worry about.* He ignores the protests from his friends and raises his right foot, ready to jump off.

Then he saw Henry Bowers' knife passing by him and went straight down the cliff.

*What the fuck?*

Richie places his foot back on land and looks at the others in confusion. A rock randomly flew and hit Bowers' forehead, making him fall beside Ben.

All of them were looking at the person who threw it. Richie turns around, his heart pounding from his chest.

Standing there was a curly-brown haired boy with a rock in his hand, finally wearing clothes that actually fit him. Standing there was the boy who Richie had searched and searched for two months. Standing there was the boy who shared everything with him. Standing there was the boy who Richie had realized he had feelings for.

*Standing there was Eddie.*

Richie stayed in his place as he watched him throw another rock the the bullies. And another, and another, and another. Stan and Ben was released and soon helped Eddie. Richie heard nothing. He saw nothing but Eddie.

*Eddie, Eddie, Eddie.*

He still couldn't believe his eyes when Eddie finally looked at him. He suddenly forgets how his lungs worked, or how his mind and body worked when Eddie smiled at him. He didn't even notice that their bullies fled. He didn't notice anything until he felt a body collided his, a pair of arms clutching his sides and a head resting against his chest.

Richie hugs Eddie back, his grip tight on his shirt. *God, he missed him. So much.*

They eventually had to let go, and they still had their arms tangled together as they stared into each other's eyes. Richie realized how close they were. He realized how light his brown eyes were close up, how much freckles were scattered along his cheeks and nose, *how softly-looking his lips were* . He realized how badly he wanted to press his lips against Eddie's, but he thinks he might not feel the same.

But then, *Fuck it*, Richie thinks, *this is a risk I'm willing to take anytime.*

And their lips touched. He hears Eddie taking a short sharp intake of

breath, and Richie was afraid he didn't want this, so he ended it after it just started.

He looks at Eddie, who had his eyes wide open from the contact, his hands on Richie's shoulders to compose himself.

Richie wonders what was going on in his head right now.

This was answered when Eddie leans in and pressed their lips together again. It was soft and chaste, and Richie was very glad that he kissed him back. It was quick (but they're satisfied and happy) and it ended too soon, leaving them smiling like two idiots in love. "I missed you," Eddie whispered, hugging him again.

Richie responded with a hum, resting his head on top of Eddie's. Then they hear the sound of legs pedaling their bike towards the four boys. Richie also realized that Ben and Stan were still there.

*Shit.*

It was Bill. "Guys," He dropped his bike down and looked at them. "It's B-B-Beverly." he says, still not noticing Eddie, who was currently beside Richie with his hand in his. "IT - IT got Beverly," he broke the news to them before Eddie did.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

;)))))))))) i feel like this chapter is bad and cringey, i'm so sorry. (i've got this all planned, don't worry, though)

## 17. Rocks

### Notes for the Chapter:

I know I haven't updated since like, five days ago, I know and I'm sorry. I did a little thing, though, which is in my works, if you want to check it out. (It's a reddie soulmate AU thing, just if you're interested) HERE'S A NEW CHAPTER! Enjoy!! :))

After Bill finally noticed Eddie, he dragged him away from Richie and gave him a hug. Stan and Ben joined in before he was bombarded with a lot of questions. Eddie answered some of them, but he brought up the problem in hand. They focused on that and planned something.

When they were on their bikes, Eddie could tell Richie still had so many questions to ask him (by the way he glances at him every five seconds), but he knew that they'll be answered later, so Richie didn't ask them yet. Eddie was grateful for understanding.

They arrived in Neibolt house after getting Mike to help them. He supplied them with ropes, spears and his captive bolt gun. As they walk into the house, Richie intertwines his hand with Eddie's and flaring his light to the dark corners.

"Stan?" Ben asked, making The Losers turn around.

He was standing just outside the door, a flashlight in his hand, but he looked reluctant about joining them. "Stan, w-w-w-we all have t-t-to go." Bill noticed he was shaking. "Bev was r-r-right. If we s-s-s-split up like last time, that clown wil k-k-k-kill us one by one." Stan moved his gaze to the floor, fidgeting with the switch. "But if - if we stick together...all of us...we'll win."

"We promise." Eddie assured him.

Stan nodded quietly before stepping inside with his friends. They all follow Bill to the well, where he saw the clown hid. Each of them looked down the the pit, flashing their lights to see how deep it was.

“Anybody got a quarter?” Richie asked, swinging Eddie’s and his hands slightly.

Mike sighed, “No one’s gonna want to make a wish in that thing, Richie.”

“Beverly?” Ben called out, her name echoing back to him. “How are we gonna get down there?” He asked Bill.

Bill walks away from the well and pulls out ropes that were placed on the floor along with some other wood and huge stones. Ben and Mike helped him put and tie it up so they they could climb downwards.

Mike makes sure that it was strong and stable by pulling it, then escorted Bill, who volunteered to go down first. Stan was next, then Ben.

And Richie was still insisting Eddie to go before him. “Richie, I’ll go after. Come on, please.” Eddie begged for the last time.

Richie stared for a few seconds before sighing in defeat. “Fine.”

The small boy grinned happily, his teeth showing. A tiny smirk slowly replaces the frown on Richie’s lips, then he turned around and climbed down the well.

He hears Mike’s chuckle as he was scrambles himself down, so he stopped and looked at him. Mike was shaking his head, his hand on the rope to help support it. Eddie chuckles, too. “What?”

He knew that Mike watched the thing that just happened between him and Richie. “Nothing,”

Eddie glances down and sees Richie looking up, waiting for him to get closer. He looks up, smiling, but it died down when he caught a glimpse of a person hiding in the shadows behind Mike. Then the person revealed itself. It was Henry Bowers.

“Mike, watch out!” Eddie warned him, but it was too late.

Bowers’ face had dry blood covering almost his whole face, neck, clothes and hands. And he hit Mike with a spear (that Bill dropped

when he took the ropes) on his back, earning a painful yelp from him. “Mike!” Mike fell on the ground and lost his grip on his gun, giving Bowers the chance to get it.

“Eds, what’s wrong?” He heard Richie ask.

Eddie begins to climb back up to help Mike. He reached the top and stepped on the side of the well, then getting out.

Bowers was on top of Mike, the gun pointed at his head while he laughed maniacally. “No!” Eddie yelled, using his powers to get rid of the gun and tossing it on the ground. Bowers looked at Eddie, his eyes wide.

Eddie sees Mike grabbing a sharp rock and hits Bowers across the head, sending him to the floor with a grunt. Eddie runs to Mike. “Are you okay?” Mike nodded, getting up with a bit of help.

“*Leave them alone!*” They both hear Richie shout, making them look at Bowers.

He was standing over the well, the rope on tossed on the floor. He began to face the two, his eyes only strained to Mike. “You didn’t listen to what I told you, did you?” He asked, approaching them slowly. You should’ve stayed out of Derry. Your parents didn’t, and look what happened to them. I still get sad every time I pass by that pile of ashes. Sad...” Mike stands up, his fists clenching. “...that I couldn’t have done it myself.” And that was the last straw.

Mike roared and ran towards the bully, shoving him hard in to the well. Cracks and yells were heard. Eddie runs next to Mike, looking down.

“Holy shit.” Richie and Eddie swore at the same time.

“Mike, Eddie!” Ben called.

“We’re okay.” Mike responded with heavy breathing.

Eddie backs away to pick up Mike’s gun while he grabs the pack of bolts for the weapon. He passes it to Mike and he placed the bolts on the side of the well. Eddie gets the rope and drops it in the well.

“Stan?” They hear Bill say. “Guys! W-wuh-wuh-where’s Stan?” Bill asked, his face looking terrified.

As he asked this, they stopped moving, and the pack falls off into the endless dark pit.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

This is probably was as crappy as usual, so I'll update soon!!! (hopefully i won't procrastinate)



## 18. Boats

### Notes for the Chapter:

LONGEST CHAPTER WITH 3k WORDS! yay

“Stan!”

The Losers shout his name as they all struggle to walk through the sewer water.

Then they hear excruciating screams coming from two people. They supposed it was their lost friend, so they followed it, still yelling his name to assure him that they were there. “Shit, Stan!”

A huge red metal door blocked their path. “We’re coming, man!” Mike shouted, helping to push the door. “We’re coming, don’t worry.”

One last kick pushed it open, the creaking sound of it silenced them when they walked in. “Stan! Where are y-y-you?” Bill said, his flashlight moving around.

“His flashlight!” Eddie said, running to where it was and grabbing it.

Eddie flashes it in front, finding Stan’s legs. “Stan!” He shouted and the rest of them looked at where he saw them.

Screams and yells deafened Eddie, Richie pushing him back because when they faced their lights to where Stan was, they found a woman, trapping him in with her slender arms and her enlarged mouth with sharp fangs and teeth, sucking their friend’s face. “Stanley!”

“What the *fuck* is that thing!” Richie heightened his voice.

Stan looked helpless as he fights to breathe and escape the terrifying woman. Eddie shines the light on her face, making her look at The Losers. Their screams became louder, and blood and saliva trickled visibly down Stan’s face. It made Eddie gag and scoot closer to Richie.

The woman suddenly lets go, and Stan received more saliva and blood as he gasped for air, his eyes wide open and full of fear. They all began to blind the woman with their flashlights, her face became visible, showing her frightening twisted face. An eye was smaller than the other and the irises and pupils were plain white, face shape was long and thin, skin almost as pale as a ghost, nose small and aligned with her eyebrows, and her mouth dripping with blood. Eddie couldn't describe how scary she was.

She hisses, backing away and hiding herself behind a wall, but her hand was still shown. It was moving, fingers lightly tapping as it rapidly changes into a hand, covered with a white glove, then the clown's head appeared, its head tilted and a smile on his face.

Eddie starts to walk towards IT, but he slides his head back behind the wall, disappearing quickly. His attention moved to his friend, who was on the wet floor, his whole body shaking. "Stan!" He crouched next to him.

The others ran to the two, shouting Stan's name. When Bill placed a hand on Stan, he began thrashing around and weeping. Tears were mixed with the other liquids that were attached to his face. "No!" He moves back with his elbows. "No! No!"

"Stan! Stan, it's okay!" they tried to assure him, but it didn't work.

"No!" He cried, the wall stopped him from moving further. "You left me! You took me into Neibolt!" He said, still shaking with fear and betrayal.

"Stan -"

"You're not my friends!" He was sobbing, and so was Richie. "You made me go to Neibolt!"

"Stan, I'm sorry." Eddie apologized, giving him a side hug, feeling himself trying not to cry, too.

Stan breathed hard, repeating the same words over and over. "You made me go into Neibolt..."

Eddie felt so sorry. Not only for Stan, but for everyone else who'd

suffered this much pain and fear. Especially Bill. It was an unnerving experience.

He lets go of Stan and looked for his flashlight, then he heard water splashing ahead, making him look up. It was Bill, running to another sewer tunnel. It looked like he was following something.

*Maybe he was.*

“Bill!” he shouted, startling the others. “Bill!” He realized he was screaming a lot today.

Richie grabs Eddie’s arm. “Don’t leave without us,” He nods, helping him up and ran with all of them when they got ready.

Another session of calling their friend’s name passed, and they end up in front of a slightly opened door, so they figured it was Bill who opened it.

Ben pushed it further back and went in first. “Bill?” He called, before tripping over something, dropping his flashlight in the water. Ben choked out the water that accidentally splashed in his mouth.

They start to pull him up, but he kneeled back down. “Wait, my flashlight. Where’s my -” And followed by a scream as Ben grabbed his light and stand up next to the others.

There were mannequin heads floating with blood in them. Some looked like it was bitten off. “Come on, let’s get the fuck out of here! Come on!” Richie yelled, pushing Ben forward the tunnel.

As they walked, Eddie noticed that the water lessened every step they took, until the ground was just dry. It led to a gaping door, waiting for them to enter. Then they all saw a familiar body, floating in mid-air.

“Bev?” Eddie said.

They enter the place and ran towards the body, stepping on a puddle. “Beverly! Holy shit,” Richie swore, looking up like the others and flashing his light to her.

“How - how is she in the air?” Ben asked.

Beverly was moving, but her head was tilted upwards, like she was looking up at something. Eddie followed her eyes and found hundreds of bodies floating around. “Guys...”

“Are those...” Richie trailed.

“The missing kids.” Stan added. “Floating.”

They hear squirms and murmurs beside them. “- let me grab her,”

Mike was carrying Ben, and Ben was reaching for Beverly’s legs. Richie and Eddie helps the two by pulling a leg when she could already be grabbed.

“I’m slipping. I’m - I’m slipping,” Ben said.

Ben gets down from Mike and let Beverly down, making her stand and gaze up without blinking. Her eyes were grey. It looked like she was dead.

“Bev!” Ben shakes her shoulders, one hand at the back of her head. “Beverly!” Another shake.

He was hyperventilating when he looked at the others, “Why isn’t she waking up?” Then to Eddie. “What is wrong with her?” Then back to her. “Beverly, please! Come on!” And he hugs her tight.

Eddie slides his fingers with Richie’s, feeling his heart break from the scene.

Ben breaks the embrace and grabbed the sides of her face, making her face him. He took a deep breath, before unexpectedly leans in and kisses her. It only lasted for a few seconds, then it was over. It reminded Eddie of his shared kiss with the boy next to him. He smiles, despite the problem that they were still trying to solve.

They waited for anything to happen. And something did.

The grey color on Beverly’s eyes fades away and her blue eyes were back. She gasps in an intake of breath and stared at Ben. He slowly

lets go of her. "Bev?" he whispered, worried.

She stares at the boy in front of her, thinking about something. Then, suddenly, "January embers?" she blurts out, moving closer to Ben.

A soft laugh escaped Ben, a smile forming on his face. "My heart burns there, too."

Beverly smiles, Richie gave out a sigh of relief. "Jesus, *fuck* !" And he pulled them into a hug with Eddie. Mike and Stan joins in, just laughing happily at each other.

When they broke apart, Beverly looks around. "Where's Bill?" she asked with furrowed eyebrows.

They heard hushed talking across the area, so they went there. But they stopped because Bill was talking to his little brother.

Georgie didn't have his right arm, his other hand holding the yellow boat Eddie found in his visit. His clothes and hair were dishevelled and dirty. "I wanna go home," He spoke, tears forming his eyes.

Bill's breaths were slow and hard. He was crying. "I miss you. I wanna be with Mom and Dad." Georgie cried.

He shook his head, "I want more th-th-than anything for y-y-y-you to be home," Bill replied, his back rising and falling. "With Mom...and Dad." He walks forward, "I miss you so m-m-m-much," He stops.

"I love you, Billy." His little brother said, a tear falling from his eye.

"I - I love you, too." Bill said, before raising Mike's gun to Georgie's forehead. They didn't even see him take the gun earlier. Georgie whimpers and cries harder. "But you're not Georgie." His voice breaking.

The trigger was pulled, and Georgie drops on the floor, a small hole in his forehead was seen.

They all stared, just waiting for something to happen. Eddie approached Bill with Richie beside him. "Bill -"

Eddie halted when he saw Georgie writhing, and threshing around. He was making weird gagging sounds, then he started screaming. The Losers all watched as his feet turned into clown shoes, an arm wriggling out of his right shoulder. He started growling, and every inch of Georgie's little body changed into the clown's.

Suddenly, the moving stops and IT sat up, his arms and head looking deflated. "Kill IT!" Stan shouted. "Kill IT, Bill! Kill IT!"

The clown stood and looked up at Bill hungrily, his saliva dripping and his eyes were yellow and red, rolling from the back of his head. "Kill IT!" All of the shouted now.

"It's not loaded..." Mike whispered under his breath.

"Do it now, Bill! Kill IT!" Bill raised the gun again, pointing it between the clown's eyes, just like he did to 'Georgie'.

"Hey, it's not loaded!" Mike warned.

IT smiled evilly at Bill, daring him to pull the trigger. And he did. It caused small cracks on IT's skin, then fragmented into tiny little pieces and fell inside his head, creating a big hole on his forehead.

"Oh, shit." Richie swore.

The action somehow made the clown mad and enraged. His head dropped backwards as he made inhuman noises, flailing his arms purposely. He began shaking uncontrollably, most likely in anger and hunger. His sharp teeth were revealed when he opened his mouth and faced The Losers. Then he jumps on Bill.

"Bill, watch out!" Bill toppled over and defended himself using the gun. The clown bit onto the gun, separating him and Bill by an inch.

He attempts to push IT away by swerving his hands to the left, and thankfully, Beverly helped. "Leave him alone!" she screamed, about to attack the clown with a spear.

"Beverly, no!" Someone shouted when IT grabbed the spear and shoved her back.

Mike did the same thing, and got flung, hitting his back on the pile of old things. "Mike!" Bill said.

Bill silently thanked them for the distraction and took his spear and held IT back, trapping the pole in between the clown's teeth. "Help him!" Beverly told the others while she helps Mike.

Richie leaves Eddie's side and jumped on top of Bill, trying to pull IT backwards. "Fuck!" he shouted.

Ben grabbed one of IT's arms and bit it. Stan was about to hit him with a spear, but the clown took a fistful of his shirt and tossed him back.

Eddie concentrated on the dropped spears, and used his powers to control them all. He looked at IT, aiming for any part of his body that weren't occupied at the moment. The clown saw this, and starts to spin around, trying to confuse Eddie. Then IT grabbed Richie's back and threw him across, landing near Stan. "Richie!" Eddie called, losing his focus as he ran to Richie.

Richie over to his side and grunted in pain. "Richie," Eddie said, holding the sides of his face to look for any injuries.

"Fuck, I'm okay." He gulped, trying to sit up. "Where are my glasses?" He asked, rubbing his eyes.

Eddie searches for it, looking side to side. "Here," Stan said, handing him the glasses. There was a crack on the right lens, but he still gave it to Richie.

"Bill!" Ben shouted. The three looked up to see what was happening. "Bill, no!"

The clown had Bill in his arms, an arm against his throat, choking him. "No, don't." Bill gasped out, prying IT's arm with his hands.

"Let him go," Beverly demanded quietly.

IT shook his head, "No." He smiled, tightening his grip on Bill. "I'll take him! I'll take all of you..." He said, looking at the others. "And I'll feast on your flesh as I feed on your fear." Then he wagged his

index finger, opening his mouth, jaw slightly shaking. "Or..." He offered. "...you'll just leave us be." He touches Bill's face, "I will take him. *Only* him." Eddie helps Richie and Stan stand. "And then, I'll have my long rest, and you will all live to grow and thrive and lead happy lives..." IT laughs. "...until old age takes you back to the weeds."

They were silent, and Eddie thinks they should keep fighting, but Bill said something that made him stop what he was about to do.

"Leave..." Bill managed to say. "I'm the one w-w-w-who dragged you all int-t-t-to this. I'm so s-s-s-sorry." He said.

"S-s-s-s-sorry," The clown imitated him before laughing at himself.

The others were hesitating, thinking if they should leave their friend, and live happily for twenty-seven years, or risk their life to take their friend and kill the clown once and for all.

"Go!" Bill shouted, his face going a little blue.

Eddie looks around at his friends. "Guys, we can't!" He said.

Nobody moved, except Richie. "I'm sorry," Richie said. "I told you, Bill. I fucking told you." A tear escaped Bill's eye. "I don't wanna die. It's your fault." He accused, then walking towards the pile of items. "You punched me in the face, you made me walk through shitty water," He counted with his fingers. "You brought me to a *fucking* crackhead house!" He stops, glancing at IT's expression when he said that. He smirked when he looked mad. "And now," Richie grabs a baseball bat from the pile, causing some objects to fall out. "I'm gonna have to kill this fucking clown." He finished. ***(This is way too iconic to be changed, sorry.)***

IT pushes Bill away from him and charged at Richie. Richie raised his bat, "Welcome to The Losers' Club, asshole!" He announced, then hitting the clown right across his head.

Mike runs to IT and tried to stab him through the mouth, but multiple burnt arms came out of IT's mouth and seized Mike's spear. "Mike!" Beverly called.



Stan runs to grab a metal pole, and slammed it hard on the hands that they hid back inside the clown's mouth. He looked at Stan and turned his face into the woman he feared. Richie hit IT's back again.

The clown groaned and jumped at Stan, but Stan gave another hit at his face. He falls back and comes for Mike, pulling him down. His hands turned into sharp spider claws and began attacking Mike, who was rolling on the ground to escape.

Ben sprints towards IT with his spear, and struck through his back. The clown roared, his body shaking as blood came spurting out of his chest. "Kill him!" Said Beverly.

IT's head spun and turned into a mummy, so Ben plunged further, his hand going inside. The mummy growled and its layers of bandages wrapped around Ben's head, pulling him forward to his mouth. Ben fights back by pushing himself away, giving time to Bill, who thrashed the bandages with thick black chains.

The mummy turned back into a clown as Bill continued whipping his back with the chains. IT vomited out blood, spilling it on Beverly's legs and clothes. The second he turned into her father, she kicks him roughly in the face, sending him rolling on his back in front of Eddie. The clown looked up at Eddie, his lips forming a wide smile.

*Don't you even dare...* Eddie thinks, his eyes narrowing. "I'm gonna fucking kill you." He threatened.

IT didn't take this seriously and transforms into his mother. "Sweetie, you're sick -" And Eddie screamed in anger, levitating several sharp objects and inserting them all in IT's mouth.

He closed his eyes, facing away. He didn't want to see his mother's face because it looked to him that he just did all of this to her, and he'd never want to do that. And because deep down, he knew that the only thing that he feared now was the clown.

Eddie steps away, walking to Richie. When he looked back at the clown, he was choking and gagging immensely as he swallowed the objects. IT stared at them all, looking defeated and weak. The Losers were ready to attack if he even moved, and that made Eddie realize

that they were going to do anything to get rid of anything that would cause them harm.

The clown began scurrying backwards, and they walked slowly to IT when his back hit a small round hill with a hole in the middle. It looked like a well, but not exactly.

He was gasping for air and spitting out water and some other sorts of liquid. Then he was shaking again.

“That’s why you didn’t kill Beverly.” Bill said, taking another step. “Cause sh-sh-she wasn’t af-f-fraid.” IT bit his lip, looking like he was about to cry. “And we aren’t either. Not anymore.” Another step. “Now, you’re the one who’s afraid. Because you’re going to starve.” He said with no stutters.

IT made a small noise, before flipping his body outwards and slid in the hole behind him, but he still had his hands clutching the sides to stop him from falling.

“He th-th-thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the g-g-ghost.” Stan hands Bill a metal tube. “He thrusts his fists against the p-p-p-p-post -” Bill was about to hit him, but IT lets himself fall a little, making Bill halt.

Then the skin on IT’s forehead started to peel off, then to a part of his cheek and eyes, and blood was coming out, floating above him. He stares at Bill for a second, then uttered a word. “Fear.” And he lets go of the side and drops down into the pit.

The Losers look down as a few skins were still floating above the hole. They all quietly sigh, obviously exhausted from all the fighting they’d done.

“Oh, thank fuck.” Richie mumbled, grabbing Eddie and hugging him.

Eddie wrapped his arms around Richie’s neck and held him. “Yeah,” he whispered through his shirt, closing his eyes for a moment.

“Guys, look...” Ben said, pointing up. “The kids are floating down.” They look up and see that the bodies were indeed going down. They were all going down in a slow pace, spiraling the pile of items.

There was a small clinking sound that made them look at that direction. It was Bill, releasing the tube and kneeling down on the ground. Richie lets go of Eddie and went to Bill, the others following behind.

When they arrived at his sides, they also kneeled down because they saw him clutching a part of Georgie's yellow raincoat with his name written on it.

Then Bill cried, putting the piece of cloth against his chest and sobbed. Stan rubbed Bill's arm and side-hugged him. Eddie hugs him, too, and Beverly pulls them all together into a group hug. And Bill just cried in the arms of his closest friends.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

We're going to the epilogue in the next chapter! :)))  
This has been fun.

## 19. Blood Oaths

### Notes for the Chapter:

Ok, ok. This is the last ever chapter of this book.

#### *A Month Later*

Eddie scoots closer to Richie and rests his head on his shoulder. They were at The Barrens, having a little meeting, and hang out together for a bit.

“I can only remember parts.” Beverly said, explaining her dream. “I thought I was dead. That’s what it felt like. I saw us.” She glances at each of them, before continuing. “All of us...together, back in the cistern, but we were older, like our parents’ ages.”

“What were we all doing there?” Stan asked.

Beverly moved her gaze to the grass, small flowers blooming near them as she tries to remember. “I just remember how we felt.” She said. “How scared we were. I don’t think I can ever forget that.”

Eddie looked at Bill, who looked like he wanted to say something, but Stan beat him to it by grabbing a piece of broken glass on the ground and standing up. Bill looked up at him, a bit surprised with his actions.

“Okay, guys. Swear it.” They gave all their undivided attention to Stan. “Swear...if IT isn’t dead,” He looked at the broken glass he held, “If IT ever comes back,” then glanced at The Losers. “We’ll come back, too.” He finished.

He awaits for someone to stand and encourage the oath he’d just created, then Eddie lifts his head up from Richie’s shoulder and stood up, and immediately followed by the rest of his friends. Stan gave Eddie a small smile before taking a step in front of Ben.

Ben offered his left hand and smiled at him. Stan smiled back and took his hand, digging the sharp part of the glass on his palm, making Ben flinch as the crimson liquid poured out. Stan walked around the

circle and did the same thing to the others.

When he went back to his spot, which was in between Bill and Ben, he lifted the slightly bloody glass above his palm, then hesitated.

Eddie knew what he was thinking.

*Could I really do this? Could I fight that clown, again, if he comes back?  
Could I?*

*Would I?*

Stan answered this and put on a brave face, then pressed the glass against his skin, giving a diagonal cut to his hand. He drops the glass carelessly and looked at Bill.

Bill extended his arm to Stan and offered his hand. Stan gladly grasped his hand, ignoring the sharp pain it provided, and grabbed Ben's. Bill clasped his hand with Mike, Mike clasped his with Richie's, and Richie clasped his with Eddie's, then his to Beverly's and Beverly held Ben's.

They stayed like that for a while, holding and grinning at each other. When they finally let go, Beverly spoke.

"I gotta go," She said.

"I'll - I'll walk you home," Ben uttered.

Beverly nodded, about to walk away with Ben, but stopped and turned around.

"Oh, um, before I forget again," She faces Richie with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. "Were you serious about inviting IT to the club?" The Losers laughed and looked at Richie.

"Jesus, Bev. You really have to bring that up?" Richie groaned. Beverly nodded and he sighed. "I was feeling that in the moment, okay? Plus, you gotta admit, it was pretty fucking cool. And when I swung that baseball bat..." Richie shook his head as the others laughed.

"Alright, alright. I really gotta go, now." Beverly announced. "See you, losers." And she interlaced her fingers with Ben's and left.

"See you," Eddie mumbled, suddenly becoming busy recalling what Richie said back in the sewers with the clown, grasping Bill's throat.

*"It's your fault." He accused Bill, then walking towards the pile of items.*  
*"You punched me in the face -"*

"Wait..." Eddie said, narrowing his eyes at Bill and Richie, before pointing his index finger to Bill. "You punched him -" He thrusts his thumb to Richie, "- in the face?"

"Oh," Stan hissed, extending the 'o'. "Trust me, it wasn't exactly a nice scene to watch."

"Actually - he pushed me, *then* punched me." Richie retorted. Eddie's jaw dropped open.

Eddie's eyes slowly darts from Richie to Bill, waiting for him to explain why he did that.

Bill raised both of his hands, "H-h-h-he puh-puh-punched me back, s-s-so we were even."

Mike chuckles, "Then they didn't talk to each other for *two* months, until you came back and we fought the shape-shifting demon that lives in the sewers."

Eddie furrows his eyebrows, completely dazed. "What the hell have I missed?"

"A shit ton." Richie shrugged.

Then Eddie's watch (that his mother bought for him) beeps, reminding that he was supposed to go back home. "Huh, there you go." He said, glancing down at his watch. "Gotta go home, now."

He looked at the others, who were looking at Richie, so his gaze moved to Richie. "Wh -"

"Ah, look at the time!" Richie said, pretending to look down at his

imaginary watch. "I gotta go, too!" He clasped his hands together, making him flinch and let go because of the raw wound. "...Coincidentally." He added.

"Okay," Eddie said. "So, uh, we'll see you, guys then. Bye," He waved Mike, Stan and Bill goodbye and left with Richie.

As they walked, Eddie took out a box of antiseptic wipes from his fanny pack (of which his mother also bought him), and passed a packet to Richie.

When they finished wiping and cleaning their bloody palms, Eddie intertwined his hand with Richie's.

"How are you dealing with your mom?" Richie asked.

Eddie's head perked up at the question, but he shrugged. "We're still...adjusting, but she's fine. We're fine." He said, lightly swaying their hands.

Then he remembered something that made him smile and take a look at Richie. "Oh, also," Richie looks at him, raising an eyebrow. "Mom and I've - yes, I told her about you and the others because she wanted me to open up to her - anyway, as I was saying, we've been planning that I'll be enrolling in your school and study there with you guys." He finished.

"Yeah, well, that's too bad because it sucks there." Richie replied.

"Yeah, well, maybe it won't suck for *me*, since you'll be there, too." Eddie told him, smirking when he caught Richie's lips lift.

Eddie didn't look away from his face, waiting for him to look back and show him the smile he's been hiding.

After a few seconds of Richie suffering, he finally looked back at Eddie as he couldn't ignore the burning gaze of the boy next to him.

Richie took out a packet of chocolate out of his pocket and waved it to Eddie. "Chocolate?" Richie asked, in attempt of trying to distract Eddie, which obviously failed because as soon as he looked back at the shorter boy, he can't help but smile back.

Eddie halts, making Richie stop walking. He chuckled and shook his head, dropping the hand he was holding and instead looped his arms around Richie's neck loosely.

Richie looked surprised, but he placed his hands to Eddie's sides and cooperated anyway.

They smile at each other goofily and pressed their foreheads together. Richie closed his eyes and hummed comfortably, satisfied in their current position. Then he felt a pair of lips softly graze his, and this time, he was the one who took a sharp intake of breath.

And he gladly kissed him back.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Before I end this with a thank-you note, I just want to say that I'm 89% sure that I'll be writing an extra chapter of pure fluff and just a cute reddie scene for you all!

This is the end...and thank you, guys, for all the support that ya'll provided me throughout this whole journey of this whole fanfic! This has been great and I enjoyed writing every single chapter. So, thank you again for everything and I love ya'll! :)) (and have a happy Christmas!)

### **Author's Note:**

I'm sorry, I didn't know how to end this chapter. It's a bit boring, I know. But I'll try to make it better the next chapter because it's just the prologue and I want to introduce them all to Eddie. Hope you enjoyed! And stay tuned for the next one. :)